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MAY 11, 1973

NR

NATIONAL REVIEW

John Greenway Exposes the Wounded Knee Fraud

SHOULD THE UNIONS AGREE TO GIVE UP STRIKES?

A proposal for voluntary arbitration
by John C

ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OH 45802

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For the physical and emotional health of your children, EXXON CORPORATION urges you to read this article from TV Guide—then discuss the idea with your school officials.

CLASSROOM TV SHOW BANNED IN BOSTON

Not all instructional television is as dull as it used to be

On TV screens in thousands of classrooms this January, 8-to-10-year-old pupils will see a small drama about a little girl their age who loses her grandmother. Some of the action:

As relatives gather for the funeral, Linda and her cousins play in the family's front yard. One game is "Bang, bang, you're dead!" Linda gets "shot," falls to the ground and lies motionless a few moments, briefly alarming her playmates. Later her parents try to explain to her what it means to die. She asks them, "Are *you* going to die?" "Some day," her mother answers gravely. At the graveside, Linda hears the minister intone, "There is a time to live and a time to die."

Could be an episode of *As the World Turns*? Or *Edge of Night*?

Could be. But it's actually a 15-minute film produced by public-TV station KETC in St. Louis. It is part of a 30-episode educational TV series to be distributed in the U.S. and Canada by the National Instructional Television Center of Bloomington, Ind.

Classroom TV, often disparaged in academic and TV circles as a glittering promise that never got beyond mediocrity, is still around. It is, in fact, alive and well in many communities, and actually looking a little healthier.

It's a shoestring operation, to be sure, getting little aid from big government and philanthropic spenders, partly because Uncle Sam has never seen fit to make televised teaching a major funding beneficiary and partly because local school boards are too harried by rising educational costs to shell out much money for what seems to them a teaching frill.

Still, a few agencies like NIT are managing to crank out moderately successful contributions to a growing library of ETV materials. Founded in 1965 with Federal assistance, the center is now a self-supporting operation with nearly 700 hours of ETV programming available on a rental basis to the country's 210-or-so public-TV stations. Each year NIT assembles a consortium of underwriters to produce a new series of programs. The 31 participating sponsors include state departments of education, ETV networks and commissions, and Canada's Province of Ontario.

Costing a mere $600,000—roughly the amount a big commercial network spends for two runs of a prime-time movie—*Inside/Out*, as the forthcoming 30-episode series is called, is described by NIT as "the most extensive project ever undertaken in North American classroom television." (*Sesame Street* and *The Electric Company* are not in the same category because they are designed primarily for at-home rather than in-school viewing, although both are seen in many schools.)

Inside/Out is more ambitious than earlier NIT projects in several respects. Through little slice-of-life vignettes (such as one called "Must I/May I," picturing situations in which children struggle with their sense of responsibility), the programs will seek to provide a framework for classroom discussions of children's social, emotional and physical concerns. Months of research into schoolroom needs, according to Kent Owen, one of NIT's publications editors, found students and teachers "bored to death with blood and bones, things with no direct bearing on the children's lives," and crying out for ways to "feel through" children's inner feelings. *Inside/Out*, Owen believes, "is going to open up discussions in classrooms as they've never been opened up before. We're not dismissing the need for cognitive materials, but simply trying to deal with human feelings for a change."

The idea has brought educators running, the NIT official claims. "We didn't have to go out and twist arms on this one. The agencies and states came rushing in to participate." An unexpected windfall came from Exxon: a $200,000 grant to NIT to pay for printing and distribution of teacher guides and classroom aids.

Sample programs for the series have been field-tested in 10 localities, from Salem, Ore., and Fresno, Cal., to St. Louis, Chicago, Toronto and Boston. Altogether, 4000 children viewed five test shows.

The academic acceptance apparently has been exceptional. "We're flabbergasted at the enthusiastic response by the teachers," Owen reports. He admitted that some Boston schoolmarms had found the episode on death "inappropriate" and said they would not show it to their pupils. "Actually we're encouraged," the NIT man laughed, "to think we could produce something that would be 'banned in Boston'."

Assignments to produce shows for the series were parceled out by NIT to WNVT, the Northern Virginia Educational Television station in Annandale; WVIZ, the metropolitan Cleveland ETV station; the Kentucky Educational Television Network; St. Louis's KETC-TV; and the Ontario Educational Communications Authority. Dr. Orvis Harrelson, health-services director for the Tacoma, Wash., public schools, is serving as chief consultant.

The participating agencies have put up $450,000. NIT will try to get back the remaining $150,000 in fees from stations. Edwin Cohen, NIT's executive director, believes every public-TV station in the U.S. with daytime school service—a handful do not air such programming—will carry *Inside/Out*.

Is there some way NIT will have of gauging the classroom impact of the programs? "Oh, yes," Cohen reported. "The consortium members keep a close eye on how the programs are used in the classrooms and get back reports from teachers. You might say we have our own form of Nielsen ratings."

And NIT is confident, he implied, that *Inside/Out* is going to be ETV's 1973 hit show. END

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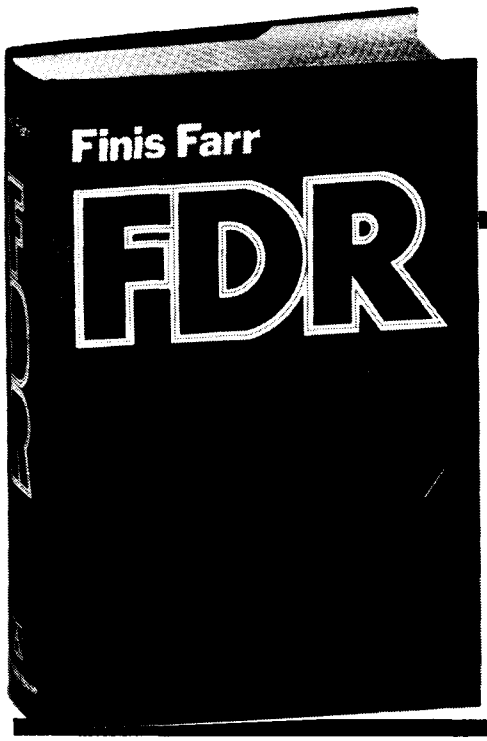

Vivid New Portrait

OF THE MAN WHO TURNED AMERICA LEFT

FINIS FARR, noted biographer of Margaret Mitchell, Frank Lloyd Wright and Jack Johnson, now etches the man who remade America. Though Farr is not immune to the Roosevelt charm, he judges his years in the White House a national disaster.

Farr is perceptive. In discussing young FDR's liaison with Lucy Mercer, he observes that "no love affair in which he may or may not have engaged could possibly have had the significance of his love affair with himself." Roosevelt partisans will want to forget such incidents as FDR's praise for Legionnaires who captured, castrated and shot a Wobbly leader (he termed it "a high form of red-blooded patriotism"); or his capricious tinkering with the nation's money during the period he was under the spell of Professor George Frederick Warren's eccentric economic theories. Stalin, at the Teheran conference, is presented as "a short, broad-shouldered man of the peasant type, dressed in a nondescript uniform" who "looked like some kind of porter, probably the sort who would quarrel over his tip."

Droll and seasoned with cynicism, Finis Farr brings FDR and his era to life again.

Finis Farr:
PUNGENT YET URBANE

Franklin Roosevelt changed the face of America, and not for the better. His twelve years in the White House were fateful—and also full of color and excitement. Finis Farr catches the snap-crackle-and-pop of those years, the brawling, the comic extravagance.

But he also keeps his eye on the significance of FDR's schemes and improvisations. The result is a rare achievement in political biography. All the dimensions are there: the outsized, enigmatic, shifty and frivolous central figure . . . the carnival showman and master pol . . . the mama's boy and faithless husband . . . the charmer and part-time revolutionary. Farr also has a keen sense of social background; and Franklin Roosevelt was always the country squire.

The result is more than just a record of disaster. It is a full-scale biography of a flawed but living person—the first such portrait by a conservative:

- **Mother Sara, and the apron strings that never snapped. *My Boy Franklin*: the amazing book she wrote at 86.**
- **Roosevelt's favorite mistress: the on-again, off-again 30-year romance. How they kept it quiet.**
- **Sara and Eleanor: the feud that never died.**
- **What Roosevelt learned from Wilson.**
- **How the Roosevelts paid their bills (*when* they paid them).**
- **Eleanor's attack of hysteria. What caused it?**
- **Franklin's questionable financial ventures. The Warm Springs Foundation: was there something fishy in FDR's relationship to it?**
- **Herbert Hoover's personal virtues—and political failings. His *myth* about America.**
- **Did FDR purposely deepen the Depression?**
- **Enter the Brain Trust. Infighting and intrigue. FDR's cruelty toward trusted aides.**
- **Hugh Johnson and the NRA. Johnson's pro-Fascist reading.**
- **Eleanor: not all that naive. Her deft way of slicing up a victim.**
- **Old Moosejaw, La Boca Grande and Westbrook Pegler.**
- **Galloping bureaucracy (and still going strong).**
- **What FDR learned from Huey Long.**
- **The Liberty League: have conservatives grown more sophisticated?**
- **With Papa in the White House, Elliott and Jimmy make hay.**
- **The Second New Deal: was FDR losing his touch?**
- **Found: a lovely war for the Indispensable Man.**
- **Bertie McCormick and those "Communists under the bed."**
- **Did FDR get us out of the Depression?**
- **The road to Pearl Harbor. Did FDR expect the attack?**
- **Harry the Hop explains rationing, but Bernie Baruch turns off his hearing aid.**
- **Roosevelt carries all his weaknesses into World War II—and the world pays, and pays, and pays.**
- **The fourth term: did they know Roosevelt was dying?**
- **The Roosevelt legacy.**

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Letters

Vatican Ostpolitik

I found Hervé Leclerc's article, "The Pope's Ostpolitik" [March 30], stimulating and informative—particularly the references to the Church's (and therefore the Catholic layman's) responsibility for understanding youth; that in order "to survive, it [the Church] must conquer them, and, to do that, it must understand them completely."

This may not be an easy task for those of us over 18, but we really do have an obligation to try.

New York, N.Y. BARBARA CONNELL

The time has passed when the Vatican represented only Catholicism. If any religious body has assumed a universal responsibility toward world problems, it is the Roman Catholic Church, which speaks with the authority of the world's only truly institutionalized religion. Students of international affairs must, therefore, be as alert to statements emanating from the Vatican as those from Washington, Moscow, Peking, and Tokyo. And it is in this context that one welcomes Hervé Leclerc's good article on "The Pope's Ostpolitik."

May I point out, however, that while Mr. Leclerc accurately describes the Vatican's concern for the spiritual needs of all Catholics living in what is now the Communist world, recent developments show the Vatican's equally deep concern for local churches and individuals.

Mr. Leclerc writes that the Vatican did not wish to sacrifice the chance of ministering to Russian Catholics as a whole by supporting Ukrainian Uniate demands for autonomy from the Moscow Orthodox Patriarchate. But the Vatican has now broken its silence over Ukrainian Catholics and supported their demands for separation from the Moscow Patriarchate.

Vatican attention to the spiritual needs of Catholics as a whole as well as to those of the individual prompted Pope Paul's April 1 statement on East European oppression of Catholics that was issued after the execution of a priest in Albania for secretly baptizing a child.

Vatican policies toward Communist governments are indeed based on strength and flexibility—not, as Mr. Leclerc shows, on capitulation to Communism.

St. Louis, Mo. ANDREW CARVELY

Hoxha's Slaves

I was disgusted at the following statement by Nino Lo Bello ["Albania: Red China's Cuba," Jan. 5]: "Hoxha is without doubt the world's most autocratic ruler, yet he has the all but unanimous backing of his people—a people, by the way, who show little interest in politics, are scarcely aware of being behind the times, and do not require much from life."

Described thus, the Albanian people seem like a primitive, apathetic tribe, just emerging from the Stone Age. With a wave of the hand the author dismisses the Albanian people's bloody history, and the present tragic struggle for freedom and human rights.

The Albanian people are desperately resisting the ruthless regime of the obscure-minded Stalinist Enver Hoxha, and the cruelty and unscrupulous brutality of the regime is due to this continuing popular resistance as well as to the nature of the regime itself. The more resistant the people are the more oppressive becomes the totalitarian regime. Mr. Lo Bello jumps to the wrong conclusion when, after talking about purge trials, forced-labor camps, secret-police methods, severe censorship, unending reign of terror, and ruling through intimidation and fear, he states that the regime has the backing of the people. This paradoxical, incongruous statement simply doesn't correspond to reality. Slaves never roar: "Long live the chains."

South Boston, Mass. BILAL XHAFERI

One Man's Junk . . .

It both amuses and delights me to see my friends from the liberal establishment showing up one by one in *la bête noire, NR*. Clearly they have not all taken leave of all their senses. Welcome to the latest, John Simon ["The Great Pop Critic," March 30] who at last appears in a publication worthy of him and more congenial to his tastes and interests than he may suspect.

Regarding Pauline Kael, whom I stopped reading when I started reading Mr. Simon:

1. How superior *is* her "superior intelligence"? An IQ of 100 can be regarded as "superior." I should like to coin a term

(Continues on page 500)

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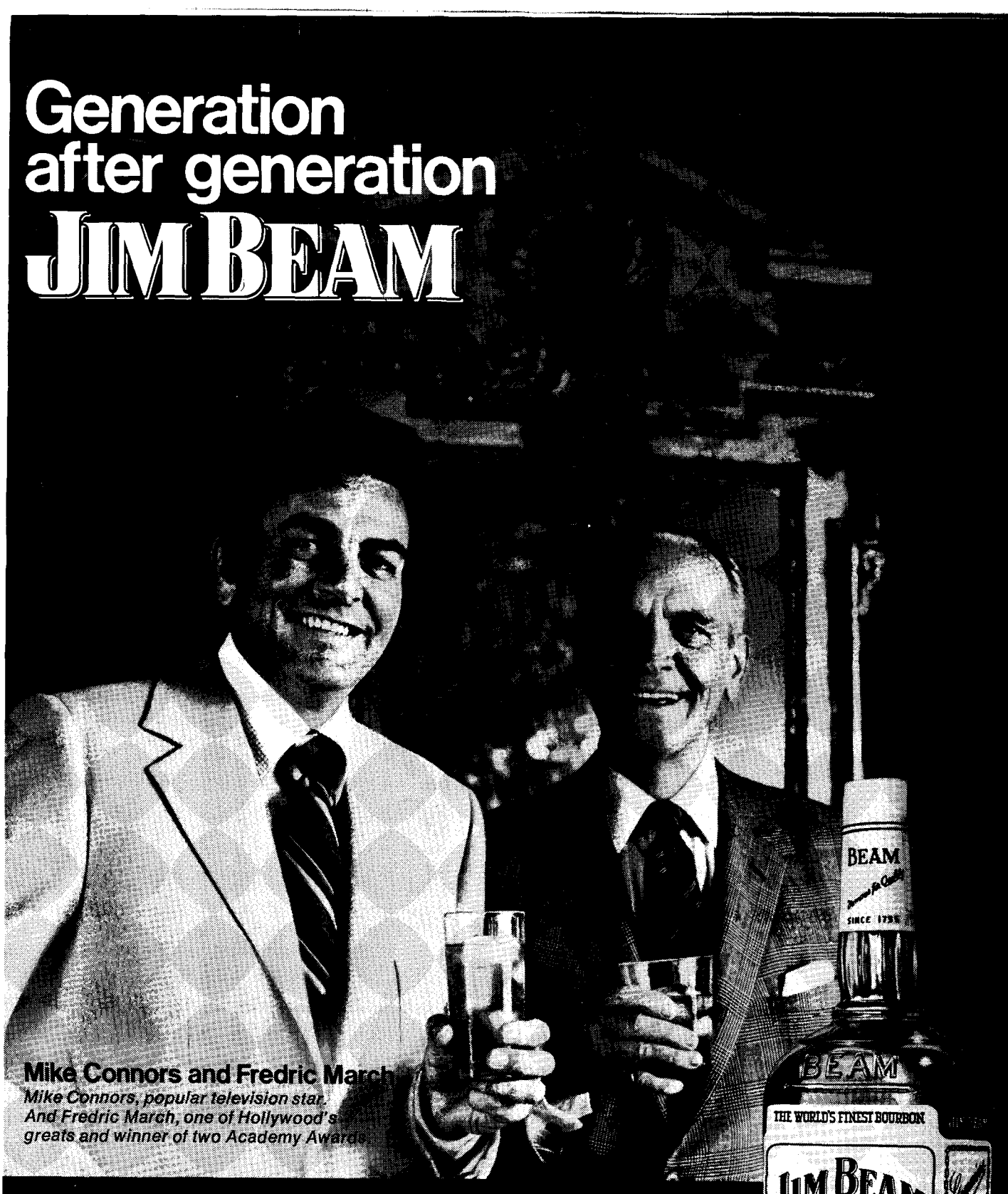
JIM BEAM



Mike Connors and Fredric March
Mike Connors, popular television star.
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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we carry doggedly on. We reported a few weeks back that Princeton University had distributed to all its students a "Birth Control Handbook" as full of fuliginous Maoist rhetoric as it is of scientific information. We talked to a number of persons in the Princeton administration, got some student reactions, and then dispatched the entire dossier to **Francis Russell** for a wrap-up. Mr. Russell, a self-proclaimed "Harvard kickout" and no bluenose (it was he who struggled to get Warren Harding's spicy letters to his mistress into print), finds it dismaying that Princeton is willing to help broadcast one sectarian political viewpoint at the expense of all others—all in the supposed interest of sexual enlightenment. We, and Mr. Russell, plan to stay tuned. . . . The strike may originally have been labor's weapon against management, but, as we have pointed out time and time again, the real victim in all but the most localized disputes is the ordinary citizen, who is inconvenienced and who winds up paying. Now **John Chamberlain** detects a ray of hope: The steelworkers have agreed to a three-year "productivity sharing" contract that calls for compulsory arbitration and—no strikes! Strikes, says Union President I. W. Abel, are "obsolete." Two cheers. . . . Making first appearances in our book section are **Jack Chatfield**, who teaches school in Connecticut and is working on a doctorate in American History at Columbia; and **George Herman**, veteran newsman and moderator of *Face the Nation*. . . . Watergate got you down? It's got lots of Republican politicians down too, says **George F. Will**, our man in Washington. Politicians may be a trifle sneaky, he explains, but none worth his salt would try a dumb stunt like that. A palace-guarder, maybe, but not a working pol. —CHS

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3. Be sure your profit objective is at least two or three times as great as the potential risk you assume.

4. Don't fight the market. If the price trend is going against your opinion, wait for a change before you take a position.

5. Once you're in the market, stick to your objectives. Don't take small profits. Ride out favorable trends until they turn the other way.

6. Don't add to your commitment unless you have a profit on your initial position. Don't add a second time unless you have a profit on the first addition. Generally, additional positions should be added in pyramid fashion.

7. Be prepared to accept numerous small losses. Remember, it's possible to lose a number of minor skirmishes and still win the major battle.

8. Do not risk most of your trading capital on any single trade; generally 5 to 8 percent should be the maximum.

9. If you are an inexperienced trader in commodities, trade only in active markets. Use stop orders to help protect your positions against trend reversals.

Note: The 9 rules above should serve as a starting point when you make your own trading plan. Naturally, every potential speculator has to make his own plan, based on his own market experience and financial resources and the degree of risk he's willing to take.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **John Connally** *hasn't* become a Republican, **Mills Godwin** of Virginia may *not* accept a Republican endorsement in his race for governor and now hotshot **Ken Rietz**, appointed with much fanfare March 1 to head the GOP's "New Majority" congressional campaign in '74, has resigned. He handed his resignation personally to National Chairman **George Bush** April 24, said he had gotten an offer from private industry he "couldn't turn down." . . . Rietz's defection could be body blow to presidential ambitions of Sen. **Bill Brock** of Tenn. Rietz managed Brock's successful 1970 campaign against Sen. **Albert Gore**; his appointment had been regarded by party regulars as boost for Brock. . . . **George Gorton**, a former Rietz aide in the Re-Elect Committee (CREEP), quietly eased out of his job at the Interior Department (quietly, that is, until the *Washington Post* found out about it). . . . Washington rumor mill, in overdrive these days, indicates the stars of White House aides **Leonard Garment** and **Patrick Buchanan** are in the ascendant as **Bob Haldeman**'s star wanes, causing columnist **Harriet Van Horne** a serious case of the vapors (not only is Buchanan a hard-line conservative, he is also, says Van Horne, the man who ghosted **Spiro Agnew**'s "nattering nabobs of negativism" speech). . . . Around the country, Republican regulars totting up the cost of Watergate (when was it last called a "caper," incidentally?) to themselves, believe funds are going to be that much harder to raise for next year's congressional campaign, given the use to which CREEP put some of its funds last fall. . . . Not unexpectedly, **Ralph Nader** got his headline with a demand that Nixon resign, but in Kenya, the *Nairobi Daily Nation* saw it all as a plus for America. "Americans have something to be proud of," said the *Nation*, "they have a society in which scandals involving their chief executive are discussed in public. How many other countries can boast the same tradition?"

Mahood, *Punch* Ben Roth Agency

"Tonight we have three holding up to ransoms, ten ultimatums, six deadlocks, four hardening of attitudes, seven confrontations, three round-the-clock talks and no cooling-offs . . ."

■ Novel idea: Democratic Senate Whip **Robert Byrd** (W. Va.) suggests national elections be held in October as way to shorten the campaigns which start off (officially) after Labor Day. He points out that modern communications make the lengthy campaign of a horse-and-buggy era unnecessary. . . . Byrd has now hopped aboard the **Mike Mansfield** bandwagon and is demanding sharp cutbacks in U.S. troop commitments in Western Eyrope because (heard it before?) America can't act as the world's policeman. . . . According to *Human Events*, another pullbacker, Sen. **William Fulbright**, is responsible for holding up Foreign Relations Committee hearings on **Fred Ikle**, newly appointed head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Ikle is regarded as a hardliner on arms limitations. . . . One up for the hardliners. It now looks as if former Ambassador **Robert C. Hill** will be named Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs replacing **G. Warren Nutter**, who is retiring. It had been feared liberal Defense Secretary **Elliot Richardson** would bring in a dove.

■ In Sweden, a militant organization that supports the Vietcong has asked Premier **Olof Palme** to refuse entry to Henry Kissinger (invited to speak at a political seminar in May) under a new law that bars "international terrorists" from Swedish soil. . . . In a recent interview in *Times* (London), Palme indicated he thought it was important for **Sweden** to have normal diplomatic relations with the United States (our ambassador was quickly recalled when Palme accused the U.S. of war crimes). . . . In another diplomatic slap, the State Department has told **Poland** to postpone the visit to Washington of a Deputy Premier, Jan Mitrega. This is in retaliation for the failure of Poland and **Hungary**, two members of the International Control Commission, to investigate North Vietnamese violations of the ceasefire agreement. This, according to Western journalists in Warsaw and Budapest, is regarded as a low blow by authorities because they say (*N.Y. Times*, April 18) "the United States knew in advance that they [the Hungarians and Poles] would not take actions that were opposed by the North Vietnamese, their ally."

■ Battle royal in **Britain** between tax authorities and makers of chastity belts. Taxmen say chastity belts are "wearing apparel" and thus subject to value-added tax, the industry contends they are "safety devices" which are tax-free.

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Worldwide sales and revenues for 1972 reached new highs.

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In addition, finance company revenues and insurance premiums earned increased last year to $1.7 billion, up 14 percent from $1.5 billion in 1971.

Consolidated income for the year, before extraordinary items, rose to $477 million, a gain of 12 percent, compared with restated 1971 income before extraordinary items of $427 million.

Telecommunications and financial services were areas of strength.

This income was equal to $3.80 per share on an average of 124 million common and common share equivalents outstanding, an increase of 11 percent over 1971 per share earnings of $3.43 on 123 million shares outstanding.

The financial results for 1971 have been restated to include the operations of companies acquired in "pooling of interests" transactions in 1972.

We attribute much of the improvement in sales and earnings for 1972 to continued strong worldwide demand for our telecommunications equipment, principally in Europe, and also to gains in the financial services areas, including The Hartford Group. Other areas of strength included worldwide communications operations, consumer products and natural resources.

If you would like a copy of our 1972 Annual Report, write: Director of Investor Relations, International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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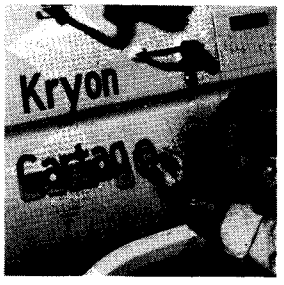

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 494)

for Miss Kael and her confreres (consoeurs?): lumpenintelligentsia. Lumpenintelligentsia a) because of their overweening love for the lumpen, the lumpener the better, and b) because I suspect their intelligence is to true intelligence as the lumpenproletariat is to the proletariat.

2. I do not so much object to using an art as a surrogate for living; one reason for art is probably the poverty of life. What I *do* object to is that the chosen surrogate is junk, and not only junk but I'm-proud-because-it's-junk junk.

3. I loved Mr. Simon's analysis of Miss Kael's book titles and wonder what her next title can be. Mr. Simon has cornered both Miss Kael and her subconscious. May I suggest *Stalemate at the Movies*?

New York, N.Y. HELENA SKALECKI

. . . Another Man's Art

I have never read anything so unprofessional as this piece of so-called criticism. John Simon does not review the book—he makes a vicious, personal attack on its author instead, implying that Miss Kael is lonely, neurotic, vulgar, and maybe even a little "butch." Is it possible that this acidulous self-confessed member of an elite group of critics who long for "an aristocracy" in art to perceive the "pure forms" that exist therein are, at bottom, jealous of the ability Miss Kael possesses of enjoying a movie on a gut level?

Her flaws notwithstanding, Miss Kael remains the most brilliant, dynamic film critic in this country. Mr. Simon, on the other hand, is a case of the misanthrope masquerading as a writer.

Bronx, N.Y. MAEVE LEARY

Aleph

We are long overdue in achieving "Consciousness *Aleph*." As a 1971 graduate of Northwestern University, and every bit a product of the modern secondary-school apparatus, I must applaud Horace Brock's observations and recommendations [March 30].

One area of supreme abuse in thought is in the nature of causation, especially in those relationships in which one must distinguish between factors that are causes and factors that are merely attendant to given situations. I cite a recent network news report on a British study of cigarette smoking. British scientists discovered greater sexual promiscuity among teenage girls who smoked than among non-

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smoking teen-age girls. No more was reported on the news program but the false implication is clear. From this perverse deduction it may soon be concluded that abstinence from tobacco may lessen the chances of pregnancy.

St. Louis, Mo. BRUCE G. HEINRICH

Money for North Vietnam?

To Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s discussion of "reparations"—if that's the word—for North Vietnam ["On the Right," March 30], may I offer this addendum?

Stipulate imperatively that not one cent of "reparations" money will be provided until Hanoi has withdrawn all military forces and munitions from South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia.

Why should we pay for the rehabilitation of their country while they use their own money (and, no doubt, part of the "reparations") to nail down their control of Southeast Asia?

San Diego, Calif. JOHN M. ASHLEY

Rage in Baltimore

The Tigers of Detroit. The Twins of Minnesota. The Red Sox of Boston. The Rangers of Texas.

Well, perhaps John C. Smith knows about *other* American League teams ["Baseball's New Face," March 30], but he doesn't know about the Orioles. They are the BALTIMORE ORIOLES, not the Orioles of Baltimore.

But then, what can you expect from a West-leaning Oak-symp?

Baltimore, Md. CHARLES ROBERT JONES

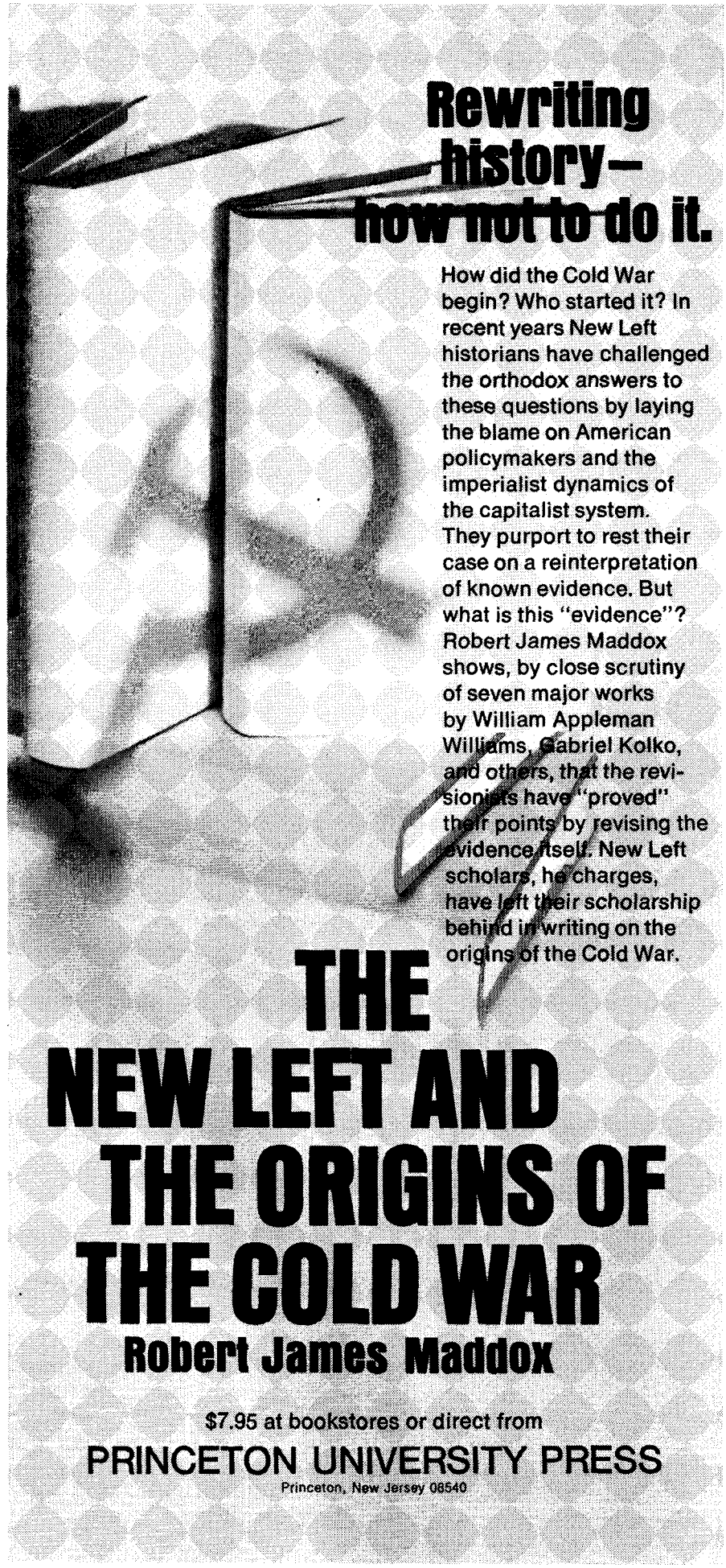
See E. Hemingway, The Old Man and the Sea, *passim.* —ED.

Narrowing the Gap

Now let me see if I've got this straight. A certain young man of Russell Kirk's acquaintance was blessed with "almost perfect parents" ["COG Widens the Gap," March 16]. I am extremely fortunate in that regard also; and yet, I am not sure that my parents are almost perfect. The point is that there has never been a time in my 25 years when I would have been susceptible to the allurement of a consortium like the Children of God. But this young man, who, if Mr. Kirk is to be believed, had even better parents than mine, was a pushover.

I am extremely wary of ascribing blame to parents on the basis of the way their children turn out. There are too many other factors to be considered. But good parents, if they can't control their children's destinies, should at least be able to see what sort of offspring they are raising. In this case, since we are told that they paid plenty of attention to their son, they should have been able to see that they had brought up a child who was unstable, had serious deficiencies in his personality, and had an attachment to his family, home, and cultural traditions that was shallow at

(Continues on page 545)


Rewriting history— how not to do it.
How did the Cold War begin? Who started it? In recent years New Left historians have challenged the orthodox answers to these questions by laying the blame on American policymakers and the imperialist dynamics of the capitalist system. They purport to rest their case on a reinterpretation of known evidence. But what is this "evidence"? Robert James Maddox shows, by close scrutiny of seven major works by William Appleman Williams, Gabriel Kolko, and others, that the revisionists have "proved" their points by revising the evidence itself. New Left scholars, he charges, have left their scholarship behind in writing on the origins of the Cold War.
THE NEW LEFT AND THE ORIGINS OF THE COLD WAR
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THE WEEK

■ *Washington,* June 31 (AP)—President Nixon said today "root and branch reform of our prison system" would be the "topmost priority" of his last two years in office.

In a statement read to reporters by Walter Endive, the President said he felt certain that members of both parties in Congress would "join all Americans in responding to this crying human need."

Mr. Endive is Mr. Nixon's press secretary, special assistant, attorney general, appointments secretary, special counsel, FBI director, domestic affairs adviser, personal physician, ambassador to Nicaragua, golf partner, valet, and best friend.

■ For years now, Milton Friedman and others have been proposing a voucher system for the schools. In its pure form, the system involves allotting a predetermined amount of tax money to each school-age child, which his family can then use in any school of its choosing, public or private. Several states have experimented with the idea in highly limited and modified versions, but New Hampshire may be the first to try the Friedman approach statewide in unadulterated form. The state will receive an initial federal grant of $100,000 in order to plan a two-year voucher system program. If the program receives federal approval, it could be backed by another $5 million in federal funds for administrative costs and the additional expense of including children in nonpublic schools. Said newly elected Governor Meldrim Thompson: "It pays to be conservative." Thompson, a conservative Republican, ousted a moderate Republican last year.

■ New York City is having its problems in finding a successor to John Lindsay. Mario Biaggi, Conservative Party choice, law-and-order ex-cop, three-term Congressman from the Bronx, unloved by Nelson Rockefeller, and an ethnic to boot, looked good for a while. Last week, the press alleged that Biaggi had pled the Fifth quite a number of times before a federal grand jury two years ago. Biaggi denied it; Biaggi admitted it—he had invoked the Fifth to protect others, he said. The candidate is airing a series of five-minute television spots to tell his story "directly to the people of this city." Campaign manager Matthew Troy almost jumped ship and the Conservative Party threatens to—something that could work nicely for the Republican candidate, conservative John Marchi, whose other major asset at the moment is that he too is unloved by Nelson Rockefeller. Rockefeller, still smarting from a rebuff from Robert Wagner, is wasting no time. He has just named his new campaign aide, R. Burdell Bixby. Rockefeller plans to be re-elected governor, for the fifth time, in 1974.

■ It's Spiro Agnew *v.* the Media again. But this time the media is the government-controlled Greek news agency which without consulting him, picked up a year-old speech of Agnew's, edited out all reserved comments about the regime, and gave it prominent play in the English language *Athens News.*

■ Well, the consumer price index rose by 8.8 per cent in the first quarter of this year. The only surprising thing about that is that so many economists were surprised. Both fiscal and monetary policies were *more* expansive last year than the comparable policies that triggered the 1968-69 inflation, and all price indices have been moving steadily upward since the second quarter of last year. Did anyone seriously believe that last year's 6.5 per cent increase in wholesale prices wouldn't be reflected, sooner or later, in retail prices? "Controls should not be used where price increases are caused by an excess in aggregate demand or a shortage in the specific supply," writes John Kenneth Galbraith (a fair-weather friend of controls). "The present behavior of meat prices, as of numerous other prices, shows every indication of being caused not by wage and cost increases but by the pull of demand." Galbraith's prescription is a tax increase, but then he wants tax increases whatever the price index is doing.

■ Labor took the bigger cities in the recent local British elections. Its sweep is attributed to the usual bag of urban ills (inflation, unemployment, housing) and Britain's hotly debated entry into the Common Market. But perhaps more important for the future, the voting pattern confirmed the indication from recent parliamentary by-

Scandal Time

Let's keep the throne clean.
—Mae West in Catherine Was Great

Ike let Sherman Adams go;
  Liz fed Essex to the axe.
Governments get vertigo
  If the team's unduly lax.
When Profumo got himself
  Photographed in funny ways,
He wound up upon the shelf—
  Though the French were full of praise.
Granted, Watergate's a mess.
  (Nixon's *got* to set it straight.)
But the British gave the press
  Something cute to illustrate.

W. H. VON DREELE

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A Perfect Ending in an Imperfect World

ALMOST TWO YEARS AGO, I wrote a column about the family of an American Air Force prisoner of war, Robert Craner, who was held in North Vietnam; I had met his English-born wife, Audrey. As I explained then, she was laboring under something of a handicap, as she did not actually know whether her husband was alive or dead, let alone whether he was well; he had been seen in a prison camp (by some prisoners who had been involved in an exchange of wounded) not very long after his capture, but her letters and parcels had been refused, and she had had no word from him. . . .

Audrey Craner is a realist; she knew all along that, even if her husband was alive, she would not see him again until the war was over. But the fact that she could not get him released did not mean that there was nothing at all she could do on behalf of him and his fellow prisoners. She moved with their two children to Britain, and from then on devoted herself virtually full-time to the cause of the American POWs.

Her aims were limited. She wanted an assurance that the prisoners would be kept in conditions no worse than those specified in the Geneva Convention. Short of that, she wanted the surviving prisoners to be allowed to correspond with their families; at the very least, she wanted to persuade the North Vietnamese to provide a list of the prisoners they held.

She drew blanks again and again. Tirelessly, she made contact with every organization and individual who might be able to intercede with the North Vietnamese, from the United Nations to the various "peace" groups. This involved her in some fairly repulsive encounters; she was met, for instance, by some of the fellow travelers, with hints that if she was willing to attack American involvement in the war, or even the South Vietnamese regime, something might be arranged. But truckling to swine was one thing; letting her husband down was another, and she would say to them what she said to me: "My husband has not denounced the war, so how can I?"

Her own doubts and disillusionments grew, but the lamp she had lit never flickered, her fortitude never weakened; as a matter of fact, her steadfastness and faith would have made Penelope seem a flibbertigibbet and Fidelio a jade—and this, remember, was a woman who did not know for certain whether her husband was alive or dead.

This is one of those stories with a happy ending. The long unknowing ended just after the Vietnam armistice was signed; Robert Craner's name stood on one of the lists the North Vietnamese released. Next, the family heard indirectly that he was well. Then they heard directly; a fellow officer who had shared a cell with him, and who had been released among the early batches, reported that he was physically and mentally fit. After that, it was just a matter of waiting a few weeks, which for people who have waited nearly six years was comparatively simple. The family Craner has now been reunited.

Many of the prisoners of the Vietnam war have endured a captivity longer than that experienced in any war of modern times. The First World War lasted four years; the Second lasted, in all, almost six, but there could have been very few who went through the whole of it as prisoners. Some of those captured in Vietnam have been in prison camps for nearly *nine* years, in a war over a far-off country that happened, by the accidents of history, to be on the frontier of what the fighting was ultimately about.

But this is not the occasion for rehearsing the arguments about the war itself, and it had better not be made the occasion for rehearsing the argument that there will be no homecoming for the Vietnamese killed by American bombs. Nor, on the other hand, is it the place to discuss the inevitable problems of readjustment that release of the prisoners will pose for them and their families. (Fortunately, we know much more than we once did about these problems, and the American authorities have been assiduous in their briefing of the wives.)

It is not, in short, the occasion for wider themes at all, but simply for a reflection of pleasure at the knowledge that, even in this imperfect world, loyalty is not always in vain, and good people do from time to time receive their reward in this life instead of having to wait for the next. The point about the Craners is not that their suffering has been so great; it has indeed been considerable, but nobody (least of all they) would claim that the enforced separation of a husband from his family rates high as some of the horrors the twentieth century has doled out with so liberal a hand. It is, rather, that some of those who deserve to be made happy are about to be; this does not help others who deserve happiness but who are still deprived of it, but then if Robert Craner had never come home at all that would not have helped anybody else either. In the end, the happiness of my friends probably proves nothing, except perhaps that there is much wisdom in that ancient Spanish proverb which says that there is not enough darkness in all the world to put out the light of one small candle.

—BERNARD LEVIN

(Reprinted, with permission, from the Times [*London*].)

elections of a Liberal Party uptrend. The Liberals have even begun dreaming of enough seats in the 1975 general election to give them a balance-of-power bloc in Parliament.

■ If one may rely on the fragmentary quotations from its missionary bulletin that have so far seeped through the American press, the Vatican may be poised for an ill-advised Great Leap Forward. The weekly publication of the Sacred Congregation for the Evangelization of Peoples is reported as having lauded the People's Republic of China for having achieved "a moral revolution of thought and conduct," and for being "devoted to a mystique of disinterested work for others, to inspiration by justice, to exaltation of simple and frugal life, to rehabilitation of the rural masses, and to mixing of social classes," and more such idiocies. The same bulletin, it is true, complains that Chinese Communism is "full of prejudices against religion"; and even its praise may, in its full context, appear as diplomatic equivocation whose

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The President seems to have muffed his most recent move against the Jackson Amendment. Senator Henry Jackson (D., Wash.) wants to amend trade legislation to deny trade concessions to any nation that denies its citizens the right to emigrate. The Jackson Amendment is aimed at the Soviet Union, and especially at Soviet persecution of Jews. The President thinks the Amendment is a threat to the detente, so he summoned a group of Jewish leaders to the White House to say that he had Soviet Premier Brezhnev's personal word that the impediments to emigration—especially the steep "head tax" that is graded to the education level of the prospective emigrant—have been "suspended." The President said that, of course, the Soviet government does not keep its word in treaties (an interesting comment, in light of the President's enthusiasm for strategic arms treaties) but that Soviet leaders keep promises they make personally, man-to-man. According to one person at the meeting, the President criticized Jackson for being too hawkish toward the Soviet Union—for wanting to "push to the brink," and to risk scores of millions of lives. This comment will not improve relations between the President and his most important supporter on defense matters in the Senate.

Moving in on another front, Jackson has sent a letter to Brezhnev urging the Soviet government to allow the ballet dancer Valeriy Panov to emigrate to Israel. Since he and his wife applied for emigration visas, Panov has been forbidden to perform anywhere in the Soviet Union and has lost his position with the Kirov Ballet Company. The Kirov Company will soon visit the U.S. and the betting in Washington is that high U.S. officials will turn out for its performances.

■ Senator John Tower's Republican Policy Committee has issued a revealing report about the facts of Senate life: "The average number of Senate record votes cast in each Congress from 1789 to 1972 was 357. . . . The 92nd Congress (1971-1972) cast 955 votes. . . . In 1890 the total budget of the Federal Government was less than 0.4 per cent of today's appropriation for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare alone. Appropriations for the other ten executive departments (Defense, Transportation, Interior, etc.) in 1972 were *in each case* larger than the *entire* budget for 1890. Neither the size of the Senate, nor its staff assistance, has expanded in any remotely comparable fashion. . . . In 1953, the Senate voted on only nine of 27 categories of legislation contained in this study. By 1972, the Senate was voting on 25 of the 27 subject categories of legislation. In short, more areas of American life have become 'politicized.' . . . If present trends based on the 1952-1972 experience continue, the time appears nearer when a senator will no longer have even the meager time presently available to attend committee meetings, meet with constituents, read his mail, or study the voluminous legislation that crosses his desk. Because the test of democracy consists of far more than simply casting votes, the implications are obvious. . . . Common wisdom says the Senate is being snarled in a procedural thicket. If so, the data does not exist—at least in terms of floor votes—to substantiate the charge. Indeed, for the past 21 years procedural votes have remained remarkably stable. Motions to table shot up briefly under the unique parliamentary situation which arose during debate on Communications Satellite legislation in 1962, but votes on motions to recommit and miscellaneous procedural votes show very little movement during the 21-year period. . . . Foreign relations . . . consume the largest number of votes on substantive matters on the floor of the Senate. . . . The Omnibus Civil Rights Bill of 1964 required 110 substantive votes and 34 procedural votes, the largest total on any one piece of legislation in modern American history. . . ."

The report's conclusions are sobering: "Conventional wisdom says the Senate (and indeed Congress) is unresponsive to the challenges of the era. . . . The statistics . . . suggest an opposite possibility: Has the Senate over-responded? . . . 'In the post-Civil War period [Professor Robert Dahl has written] Congress enjoyed a monopoly control over policies mostly of trivial importance; today Congress shares with the President control over policies of profound consequence. Congress has, then, both lost and acquired power.' But the Executive seems to have gained more; and sheer bulk in voting would not seem the way in which the Senate, or the Congress as a whole, can restore its pristine vigor. For at some point during the next decade or so, a finite limit will be imposed on the number of record votes that can be cast—if not by parliamentary situations, then by the rigid law of time itself."

■ Washington, D.C. police chief Jerry Wilson, a special favorite at the White House (he is about to begin a nationwide speaking tour in praise of the President's crime programs) has been mentioned as a possible candidate for director of the FBI. But Chief Wilson, like President Nixon, has some problem with in-house crime: Indictments have been handed down against eleven current and two former D.C. policemen charged with corruption.

■ On April 10 the *Washington Post* reported that the National Institute of Health was considering using federal funds to finance research on live human fetuses. Two days later the NIH, having felt the first blast of a gathering storm, announced: "We know of no circumstances at present or in the foreseeable future which would justify NIH support of research on live aborted human fetuses." Critics of such fetus research note that the NIH announcement was couched in terms that rule out research for scientific-utilitarian reasons, not moral reasons.

—CATO

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final aim is to make Christ accessible again to the Chinese people. But surely the overwhelming fact is that Maoism's claim on man, like Christ's, is total; which is to say that Maoism (even granting all its unsupported claims of material and psychological beneficence) remains, at last, that ultimate vanity of vanities, an idol. The bulletin's apparent failure to stress this fact must excite the fear that *Time*'s analysis is correct, and in the worst sense: "Rome seems to be moving with history."

■ Three intercontinental-range Boeing 707s have mysteriously turned up in Salisbury, Rhodesia. The planes now sport Rhodesian markings, but where they came from, how they got there without being spotted, and just whom the UN should denounce, no one knows for sure. Air Rhodesia's chairman said the planes are "a great

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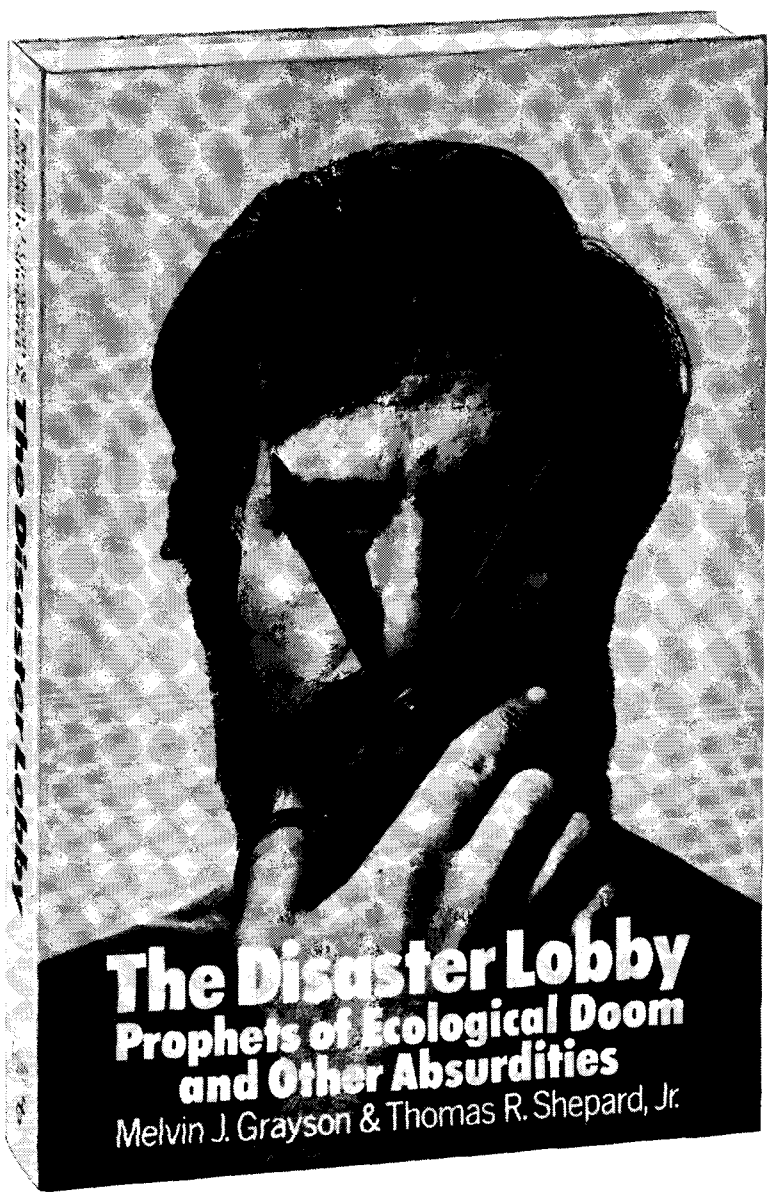
Publishers Weekly



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morale-booster for Rhodesians," even though sanctions presumably prohibit them from flying anywhere but to South Africa, Mozambique, and Angola.

■ Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi, annoyed by the Libyan people's lack of revolutionary fervor, tried to stir them up last month with his five-point plan for a great leap forward: suspend all "reactionary laws"; launch an "administrative revolution" (i.e., revamp the bureaucracy); purge the country of "those who are politically sick"; give weapons to the "revolutionary masses" ("anybody who is against the revolution will not be given weapons, but the weapons will be aimed at his chest"); start a "cultural revolution" inspired by Islamic teachings. Last week he announced the first move in the cultural revolution, one that will have serious implications for Libya's foreign relations: Embassy personnel, just like the Moslems, must now themselves observe the ban on liquor and stop importing their own. This may be difficult to enforce without starting international incidents (will a fifth of Scotch fit into a diplomatic pouch?), but if Qaddafi succeeds, Libya may become the State Department's most extensive drying-out farm.

■ State police raided a house in Anderson, Indiana last week which they described as "a known house of prostitution since 1934." It is not reported whether any of them felt sheepish about foreclosing on such an old and valued customer.

"PEACE is no longer a viable issue. HONOR ruined it."

Count Your Blessings

Sure, something's rotten near the top
And Barry's the severest critic,
But let's be thankful as we mop
That Watergate ain't Chappaquiddick.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ SCANDALS COMPARED WITH WHICH WATERGATE PALES INTO UTTER INSIGNIFICANCE (First in a Series): As an example of "systematic sabotage" of his presidential campaign, Senator Edmund Muskie lately cited the sending to one of his fund-raising dinners of two hundred pizzas, several cakes, a large floral arrangement, twelve African diplomats, and two magicians. No partridge in a pear tree?

■ Love, Soviet style, boy meets girl, boy loses girl, surprise-ending department: It is reported that one Nazri Sobirov, tractor driver, paid the princely sum of 1,400 rubles, 2 rams, 4 bags of flour, 440 pounds of rice, and 300 yards of cloth for a bride. Three days later the bride got fed up with connubial bliss and went to the police. Nazri also went to the police, to complain about being cheated. Since it is illegal to purchase a wife in the Soviet Union, both bride and groom ended up in a work camp. Maybe that's not much of a surprise ending after all.

■ "Dumpy Divorcée, teacher, 60, ulcer, arthritis; dislikes Nixon, BO, excessive neatness; desires friendship mature man who likes music, literature. Pacific Northwest. NYR, Box 5906." From *The New York Review of Books*, getting *NR*'s Personal of the Month Award.

■ Who's *not* whooping it up at Wounded Knee?
Who's *piling* iceberg lettuce on his BLTs?
Who has gone out of his way to say he *believes* the POWs?
Who's presenting the *"Spirit of America"* award to Governor George Wallace in Decatur, Alabama, July 4? ☐ Johnny Cash ☐ Sen. Barry Goldwater ☐ Rev. Carl McIntire ☐ Sen. Edward Kennedy.
Who's running for President in 1976?

■ Adolfo G. Betancourt, a Justice of the Peace in Brownsville, Texas, says he is going to ban smoking the next time he shows pornographic movies in his courtroom. It seems an "all-male capacity audience" that viewed the films *Liberated Woman* and *Wives' Playground* in court last week sent up such clouds of smoke that Judge Betancourt could hardly see the screen. Both films were ruled obscene.

■ "Cambodia is the Nixon Doctrine in its purest form." Richard Nixon, Nov. 15, 1971. Hmmmmm.

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Brokers Commision to Sell	$30.00	$30.00
Maintenance Charges on Unpaid Balance	$60.00	—
Storage	$10.00	—
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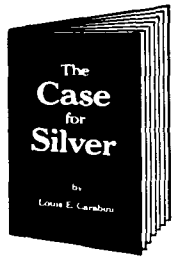

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Watergate and Nixon . . .

I do not believe that President Nixon knew about the impending Watergate operation, let alone that he commissioned it. It is significant that, as the polls reveal, 40 per cent of the American people believe otherwise. Significant because what 40 per cent of the American people believe is, America being a republic, translatable into political pressure. It is predictable that that pressure will find voice in Congress; and that we shall soon be hearing discussion over what is the appropriate punishment to mete out to Richard Nixon.

Even those who decline to believe that Mr. Nixon had foreknowledge of the affair believe—many of them—that Nixon's supervision of the Watergate investigation was at best self-serving, at worst criminal. Nixon is not otherworldly in his habit of operations. His character is well-known to the American people, who cannot easily be convinced that his preoccupation with cosmic concerns so absorbed him as to leave him transfixed, like Socrates in one of his philosophical trances, while such petty matters as Watergate flurried about him. Mr. Nixon is a man of compulsive curiosity concerning matters of potential political moment. Mr. Gallup has not released the figures, but it is likely that a considerable majority of the American people believe that Richard Nixon knew way before April 17 that people surrounding him were not merely standing aside from the Watergate investigations, but were in fact conspiring—a word used here with precision—to obstruct justice. That belief will in due course crystallize into a legal formulation: namely that President Nixon was guilty of misprision of felony. Misprision of felony is itself a felony. It is predictable that a motion would then be introduced to impeach President Nixon, and it is imperative that that motion should be defeated.

One's mind goes back to a relevant historical episode. After the debacle, General Douglas MacArthur was sent to Tokyo to govern the defeated country of Japan. He ordered the Japanese parliament to devote itself to the formulation of a constitution. A draft submitted to MacArthur for his approval called for extraordinarily severe penalties to be visited on anyone who attempted to assassinate the president. MacArthur, for all that his habits were imperious, was profoundly republican by training, and he vetoed the suggestion, insisting that in a democratic society no one should be above, or below, anyone else, where punishment was concerned. What is condign punishment for the pickpocket is condign punishment for the emperor, or for the assailant of an emperor, neither more nor less. MacArthur was wrong in the generality, less wrong insofar as he insisted that someone should not be punished more for crimes against the emperor, than by the corollary that no one under any circumstances should be punished less.

In America, the President is the emperor in addition to being the prime minister. He is, no matter that his term as such is limited, the sovereign. When it is contemplated to execute the king, it is necessary to think first about the consequences on the people, rather than on the judicial poetry of the sentence. *Salus populi, suprema lex.*

If Nixon were impeached, the punishment would be visited primarily on the state. That line of reasoning can be corrupted by saying that to imprison the father is to punish his wife and children. However true it is that to punish someone is to afflict others than he, it is necessary to remind oneself that the sovereign is unique: that the punishment of the whole of the state is never justified. I am an enthusiast for Spiro Agnew. But I would not wish him to be President as a result of the impeachment of Nixon, nor would I think it a just imposition on those Americans who for whatever reason believe that Agnew would not serve them as President.

For such reasons it is critical to begin now to focus on what punishment should be meted out if it should be established that President Nixon was guilty, as so widely believed, of obstructing justice. An appropriate punishment tough on the malfeasor, but intelligent and magnanimous upon the innocent state, would be the censure of the President by the Congress. Such a censure, in the typical Western country, would result in the resignation of the chief executive. But America's government is different, and it is imprudent not to shape the penalty with a view to such differences.

W. F. BUCKLEY JR.
("On the Right")

. . . and Ellsberg

The trial of Daniel Ellsberg in Los Angeles is grinding at last to its end, and, indeed, just in time: For the big-name indictments and trials arising out of Watergate seem about to commence. But no one so far as I know has pointed out how intimately connected the two events are.

In a recent column James Reston viewed Watergate as traceable to the atmosphere of "suspicion" pervading the Nixon White House, but "suspicion" is hardly the right word. It is too psychological to do justice to the reality, and it does not raise the question of the extent to which that "atmosphere" was justified. Reston simply assumes that it was not.

As a matter of fact, Watergate, like Ellsberg's copying and disclosure of the Pentagon papers, is an episode in a kind of civil war that has been going on in this country for the past seven or eight years, and which doubtless has roots that go much further back than that.

Both Ellsberg and the Watergate operatives behaved as if they were dealing not merely with political opponents but with enemies. The Watergate operatives, it is clear, did not view the McGovern campaign as just

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another ordinary American campaign. It was not at all, in their view, an effort to put a plausible alternative government in office. They viewed the McGovernites as profoundly hostile and they used against them the clandestine tactics usually reserved for actual warfare.

But this, though a blunder and a breach of the law, was no mere aberration. We have recently had in this country, in effect, two governments—the ordinary, official government, elected by the people, in which the balance of forces now favors the White House; but also, opposed to this, not a "loyal opposition" in the old sense, but a kind of counter-government.

This counter-government denies the legitimacy of the actual government, and employs every means at its command—legal and illegal—to frustrate its policies. The counter-government, as in the case of Ellsberg, demands the right to declassify secret documents on its own say-so. To a man like Tom Wicker, who is a sort of Ron Ziegler of the counter-government, Ellsberg and Russo are heroes. The counter-government celebrates the feats of demonstrators who, when they don't like a law, simply go ahead and break it. In its demand for amnesty, and in the visits of its emissaries to Hanoi, and so on, the counter-government asserts its claim to have a different foreign policy from that of the regular government.

The agents of the counter-government, operating inside the official government, provide a steady stream of leaks and disclosures of all kinds to trusted allies in the press. Henry Kissinger can advise Nixon one afternoon that we ought to "tilt" in favor of Pakistan, and he can read about it the next morning in Jack Anderson's column.

The counter-government has its own journalists, and even its own clergy: the Berrigans, Groppi, and so on. It has its lawyers—Ramsey Clark, Boudin, Kunstler—and its scientists.

The counter-government is of course connected with the counterculture in its varied manifestations. And the counterculture, in turn, represents an explicit rejection of the usual norms of American behavior and style.

The McGovern movement of course was not in fact an ordinary American phenomenon, the recognizable candidacy of a Truman or a Humphrey. It represented the political apogee, so far, of the counterculture and the counter-government. With some reason, the Watergate operatives perceived the McGovernites as alien and hostile, as enemies.

Just as Ellsberg, for his part, came to view the government as "criminal." When an Ellsberg appears, and is lionized, the Liddys and the McCords are just around the corner.

—J. HART
(King Features Syndicate)

Questions for Mr. Kissinger

While Watergate gets the headlines, the Administration is in real trouble in Indochina. Communist truce violations so threatened such stability as existed that the U.S., departing from treaty provisions for the first time, ceased minesweeping and resumed reconnaissance flights over the North. Meanwhile, congressional doves are resolved to obstruct any direct retaliation, even as general outrage at the torture of POWs seems to rule out any chance of economic aid to Hanoi. All of which moved Henry Kissinger to observe: "The profound problem we face as a nation today is whether we should sign an agreement, and, when it is totally violated, act as if the signature which was then endorsed by an international conference should simply be treated as irrelevant. . . . Concerned people should ask themselves: What should the United States do? What is our position: If we can neither threaten nor offer incentives, if we are criticized

"A little gift from some POWs."

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for attempting to maintain the agreement by force, and pressed not to provide the economic incentives which might be another motive for keeping the agreement, then we should ask ourselves where we will be if what was a very solemn agreement, very painfully achieved, in which we made very major concessions, is simply disregarded [by the other side]." Eloquent, and comprehensive.

Question for Dr. Kissinger: What are the North Vietnamese doing that it could not have been anticipated they would do, given for example their activity after the 1962 treaty governing Laos? Another question for Dr. Kissinger: If such confidence in the stability of the treaty as led Richard Nixon to proclaim last January that we had achieved peace with honor was based on confidence in the support of the Chinese and the Russians, what went wrong? And what is President Nixon going to propose we do to bring Russia and China around? Congress isn't to blame for this one. Congress hasn't made our foreign policy over the past four years, nor conducted the war in Indochina, nor concluded the terms of the ceasefire.

KGB v. the Samizdat

The KGB let it be known back in 1971 that it was cracking down on dissident activity in general and on the samizdat *Chronicle of Current Events* in particular. Its moves had little effect at first, but the pressure is beginning to tell. The *Chronicle* has not been published since October; rumor has it that two prominent dissidents, Pyotr Yakir and Viktor Krasin, have told all they know about the movement; Irina Kim, Yakir's daughter, has apparently given information about the *Chronicle*'s methods of publication. Meanwhile, the KGB has also been harassing Andrei Sakharov, a founder of the Human Rights Committee, and has sentenced Vyacheslav Chornovil, a Ukrainian nationalist, to twelve years in prison.

Spirit is low among the dissidents just now, but they disagree as to whether the movement has been permanently damaged. Some say the October issue was the *Chronicle*'s last; others say the editors are simply lying low and will surface as soon as the KGB finds other targets. The first group thinks the confessions have greatly damaged the movement; the second says that dissidents, knowing Yakir had a serious drinking problem, told him few secrets in the months before his arrest, and that his daughter was never in on the *Chronicle*'s top councils, and therefore could not have given much useful information.

The other question is how long a dissident movement can maintain its energy when there is little discernible progress; when the KGB can still, five years after the trial of Daniel and Sinyavsky, conduct this kind of repression without provoking a public outcry. Andrei Amalrik, for instance, believes a revolution is almost inevitable within the next decade, but that there is no hope of softening the regime gradually. Lately other dissidents, remembering Czechoslovakia, have come round to his point of view, as will many more if the *Chronicle* is indeed gone forever.

Hammer and Sickle

Armand Hammer, the head of Occidental Petroleum, has been very much the man behind the news of late. In 1970, Occidental Petroleum became the first company to accede to the unreasonable price and tax demands of Libya's revolutionary leader, thus breaking Western unity against such extortion. Last year, Occidental was the second U.S. manufacturing company allowed to set up a permanent Moscow office, and Hammer's commercial art gallery (Knoedler's) received an unprecedented loan of 41 French paintings from the Soviet Union. Now we learn (from the Soviet press) that Occidental Petroleum has bagged a multibillion-dollar, twenty-year deal to set up fertilizer factories in the USSR in exchange for Soviet ammonia, urea, and potash. This is the second deal between Occidental and the USSR, and, safe to say, by no means the last. Occidental is also negotiating for development of Russian oil and natural gas, for construction of hotels and a trade center in Moscow, and for conversion of garbage into energy. Such deals are not, evidently, decided on merit, since Occidental is a relatively shaky operation that had a $67-million loss in 1971.

James Reston found it "odd that this fundamental question of developing the natural resources of the Soviet Union is left to private persons like Dr. Hammer." Odd indeed, since we may well be trading U.S. technology, which the Soviets need, for a dangerous dependence on Soviet-controlled energy sources and critical raw materials. "Dr. Hammer, whoever he is, may be serving the Republic with his $8-billion deal with Moscow," writes Mr. Reston, "but we shouldn't have to hear about this 'historic' arrangement from *Pravda*."

Armand Hammer, the son of a Russian emigré who was a co-founder and major financier of the American Communist Party, went to Russia in 1921 to practice medicine, but wound up arranging an exchange of a mil-

The Oil Is in Arabia

Dizzy never got the bends
Pushing England's nasty ends;
"Lesser breeds beyond the law"
Vanished down his awful craw.
Nor did Teddy back away
Shooting up Manila Bay.
I know how to get some oil—
Golda Meir's just the goil.

W. H. VON DREELE

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lion bushels of American wheat for Soviet furs, hides, and caviar. As a reward, Lenin granted Hammer the first business concession ever given to a foreigner—an asbestos mine. Hammer remained in Russia for nine years, representing 38 American companies in import-export and operating Russia's first pencil factory. Before returning to America, Hammer swapped his rubles for a fortune in expropriated czarist art treasures and jewels.

Would you buy a used car from this man?

Pain in the Knee

Doggoned if the ceasefire at Wounded Knee didn't get broken. At dawn April 17, three small planes flew over the hamlet and dropped a ton of . . . *something* . . . for the relief of the occupying militants. The airlift, it later emerged, was bankrolled by "antiwar" forces in New York and carried out by Vietnam veterans. At 9 A.M. the militants thanked their benefactors by firing first on an FBI helicopter, then on federal ground forces, getting off three or four thousand rounds in all. The feds fired back. Two militants were wounded. A few deep thinkers were heard to suggest the possibility of some connection between the airlift and the subsequent burst of shooting. Tush, no, said a *Boston Globe* reporter who went along on the flight, only food and medicine, no arms or ammunition were dropped. The reporter's indictment for abetting rioters added a sideshow (Freedom of the Press) to the main event; attendance is down at both.

Regardless of what the three planes dropped, it is clear that the militants inside Wounded Knee and their white friends, abettors, and bankrollers outside greatly desire to get the show back on Page One. The government having supinely allowed them to hold the town for two months (having, indeed, helped them by letting food through its own roadblocks), they look forward to a long run.

The whole problem, according to the head fed, Assistant Attorney General J. Stanley Pottinger, is that the militants inside Wounded Knee are "leaderless"—because their chief, Russell Means, was let out to go to Washington for a pow-wow. When Pottinger asked Means to go back in to calm things down, Means said no dice, he was on a speaking tour (see *NR*, April 13, p. 406). Around the same time Leonard Crow Dog, a medicine man and chief instigator of the takeover, departed to meditate in the hope that a vision would supply him with a solution to the problem. And Pottinger's own leader continued to do nothing.

As we write, the militants have begun burning down the homes of nonmilitants they ejected from Wounded Knee. "If AIM [Means' American Indian Movement] is working for Indian people," one woman asked, "why the hell are they burning down our property?" Because, of course, they hope to provoke some newsworthy retaliation. They may succeed. Francis Randall, a nonmilitant whose home is threatened, says he and dozens of his unchic friends will move in and oust the militants May 4, unless the government acts. "I'm cold and I'm hungry," he told reporters, "and I want to go home." (We thought such simple eloquence died with Sitting Bull.) Richard Wilson, the elected leader of the reservation of which Wounded Knee is a part, whose ouster is one of AIM's principal demands, promises to help Randall's group. Pottinger, also cold and hungry, says the feds don't dare pull out for fear of a "bloodbath," and if you put all this in a book and called it fiction you'd be laughed out of every salon from here to Sioux Falls.

Notes & Asides

■ We greatly regret that M. Stanton Evans, the distinguished editor of the *Indianapolis News* who has written the column "At Home" for the *NR Bulletin* since the *Bulletin*'s inception a dozen years ago, has resigned. He will write it, or perhaps a slightly different version of it, for *Human Events*, the lively Washington weekly.

It is difficult to replace Stan Evans, but we have attempted to brainstorm our way out of the depression, and can now announce that the *Bulletin* (it is published on the weeks that NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine is not published) will publish in place of Evans beginning June 1 a column by Senator James L. Buckley. Senator Buckley will, every fortnight, write about the experiences of a senator confronting pending legislation and extra-legislative national issues. The style will be informal, candid, and sometimes introspective. The editors are as enthusiastic about the new feature as they are sad about the loss of Stan Evans' column.

■ Press Statement by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. FOR RELEASE THURSDAY APRIL 26, 1973—11 A.M.

Ladies and gentlemen:

My office has been deluged with letters inquiring about the future of the television program *Firing Line*. I have been answering those inquiries evasively. Several months ago I was privately assured by an authoritative spokesman for a private foundation that a grant for the continuation of *Firing Line* (as well as of other programs geared to public affairs) would be forthcoming before the present subsidy ended.

The foundation in question, it developed, required assurances from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting that the facilities of the inter-connection—that is to say the network administered by the Public Broadcasting Service—be made available according as the public television stations, casting their vote through their own representatives, desired. At the most recent meeting

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of the Corporation, the proposed agreement between that body and the station representatives broke down; and the foundation has accordingly withdrawn its subsidies.

Leaving aside for the moment any comment on the merits of the dispute, I am required to make decisions concerning the future of *Firing Line*, under the burden of the impasse in Washington.

1. I am today canceling all scheduled studio tapings. Specifically, the two that had been set for St. Louis on May 1, centering on Barry Commoner and John Noonan; the two in Louisville, Kentucky on May 16 with Alan Shepard and Dr. Morris Adelman; and the two scheduled in Washington, D.C. on May 24 with Senator Hubert Humphrey and a second guest.

2. The three programs following the May 8 program already screened will be repeats.

3. Beginning immediately, *Firing Line* will be offered on a syndicated basis to public television stations only.

4. Beginning on May 18—the day after the next meeting of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting at which, conceivably, a solution to the impasse might be achieved by the same breed of men who, after all, landed on the moon—*Firing Line* will be offered to commercial stations in those cities whose public television stations have not already contracted for it.

5. In the event that a private foundation or a commercial corporation should step forward between now and May 18 and offer to subsidize the program, we shall of course release individual stations from their contracts and offer the program to them free of charge. I have been assured that the facilities of the inter-connection would be made available to *Firing Line*.

I think it appropriate to quote from a recent letter from the President of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, Mr. Henry Loomis:

> One of the most difficult decisions I have had to make in this job is the decision not to renew the funding for *Firing Line*. You are by far the most popular public-affairs program, and you are balanced. But there are many forces involved here and I am sure you are in general agreement with most of them. I do hope you can get alternative funding and remain on public television. If we can be of any help to you at all in getting the funding, let us know and we will certainly bust a gut to do so. It will be a dark day if you don't continue with us.

My own conviction is that *Firing Line* belongs on public television, where it has the advantage of uninterrupted communication, and that it benefits substantially from the use of the inter-connection. To the end of trying to save it for public TV, I did nothing after the first of January, when the Corporation permitted its option to lapse, by way of offering it to the commercial stations that ran the program for the first five years. If during the next four weeks the financing is achieved, *Firing Line* will resume with fresh programs beginning the first week in June. Otherwise it will terminate.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

We all honor *Fowler*, and we should, but you cannot always use a bare quotation from the classic book to dispose of a question of usage or grammar. Mr. Norb Kearns should not accept your excerpt on the form that bothers him so much that he calls it a "horror," namely, the "double possessive," so-called, as exemplified in "that long nose of his." It is indeed sturdy, but by no means indefensible.

You know that Fowler was a distinguished writer, an acute man, a delightful stylist, and in the best sense an "authority" on English usage. But did you also know that on at least one famous occasion he took on the greatest of all modern grammarians, Otto Jespersen, in the pages of the *Tracts* of the Society for Pure English, and Jespersen took him apart? The controversy was over the possessive of the gerund, as it is usually called. Fowler eventually lost his equipoise and resorted to attacking Jespersen on his "nexus." And even Gowers, Fowler's editor and revisionist, admits that Fowler the grammarian had his weaknesses.

"The man of all others" is not sturdy, even if it is indefensible, since Americans do not use it at all, and there is no need for it. "The worst liar of any man" is perennially attacked as illogical, and careful writers avoid it. "A child of ten years old" is indeed indefensible, and most people simply say "A child ten years old" or "a child of ten years." But "that long nose of his" is another matter: It is not only defensible, but it is much more than sturdy, it is integral to the language and is irreplaceable. We cannot and do not say, "a friend of me," and even the uneducated have no substitute for it. "A friend of Charley," meaning a friend *to* Charley, is indeed used, but there seems no trend to having it displace "of Charley's" nor even to contest the matter. Then what is the "of" doing there? Jespersen has accounted for it to the satisfaction of most grammarians. He called it an "empty" word, similar to such words in other languages, particularly Chinese. He explained (and I think proved) that it is equivalent to "that is" or "who is." It has other uses in English, and it has a long lineage. Mr. Kearns can find this for himself in Jespersen's big grammar (seven volumes) and briefly in Jespersen's *Essentials of English Grammar*, p. 146. Some examples: the three *of* us; this life *of* ours; that clever little wretch *of* a Rebecca. Sincerely,

Bertram Lippman, Queens College, Flushing, N.Y.

■ Excerpt from remarks by WFB in debate with J. K. Galbraith, New York, October 26, 1972. "On the eve of the Miami Convention, Mr. Galbraith wrote for the *Saturday Review* an exuberant essay predicting that George McGovern would win the national election triumphantly. I note that recent publishing figures indicate that the *Saturday Review* may seek historical expiation by following the decent precedent of the *Literary Digest*, which in 1936 predicted the election of Alf Landon."

—WFB

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GEORGE F. WILL

Unraveling

THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION may soon resemble the "rather equivocal and shapeless pudding" that caused Churchill to command, "Pray, take away this pudding, it has no theme." Until recently the Administration had a theme—the restoration of faith in the competence and dignity of our political system. Hence President Nixon's desire for a Gaullist Presidency, as aloof, isolated, and "mysterious" as the mores of our handpumping, baby-kissing Republic will permit. So he surrounded himself with a White House staff the size of which was, until recently, exceeded only by its delusions of adequacy. But the unfolding Watergate scandal—the unraveling Watergate cover-up—indicates that the moral turpitude of certain staff members has exceeded even their delusions.

Now as they turn on one another, scrambling to avoid being held accountable for what happened, they are doing unprecedented, unforgivable damage to the office and country they were supposed to serve.

In its 52 months the Administration has been at least as flexible, equivocal, and ambivalent as any Administration must be. But it has been implacably consistent and outspoken about two things, crime and the *Washington Post*. For criminals the Administration favors stern punishment ("without pity," as the President recently said). Against the *Post* the Administration has expended an astonishing amount of its limited reservoir of genuine passion.

Last autumn, when the *Post* began chipping away at the White House refusal to acknowledge any connection with the Watergate break-in, former Attorney General John Mitchell, by then back in private practice in New York, proclaimed, with reference to Katherine Graham, the owner of the *Post*, "we're going to put her tits through a wringer." Now, largely as a result of the *Post*'s persistence, some Administration aides may become convicts.

It is appropriate that both Mitchells are at the epicenter of the Watergate earthquake. Every Administration needs a Casey Stengel, a madcap whose antic soliloquies make normal government speech seem, by contrast, straightforward. For four years Martha was Stengel, having fun and being funny. Last June 17 the fun stopped. She gave John an ultimatum: "Politics or me."

John Mitchell, like others involved in the Watergate investigation, must be presumed innocent of lawbreaking until proven guilty. But that does not make it any easier to believe anything he or the others say these days. The day after the break-in he issued a disingenuous and misleading statement about the relationship of one of the conspirators (James McCord) to the Committee To Re-elect the President (CREEP). He has spent the subsequent months claiming the break-in was a complete surprise to him. Perhaps it was. Perhaps Jeb Magruder, Mitchell's deputy at CREEP, is not telling the truth when he says that while Mitchell was still the nation's chief law-enforcement officer, he met with Magruder, G. Gordon Liddy (subsequently convicted for participating in the break-in), and White House counsel John Dean to discuss plans to bug Watergate. Perhaps none of these people has been saying in public and private what the newspapers report they have been saying.

BUT THIS much we know: The papers have been right from the start about this; and now that the principals have gone from dissembling to calling one another liars, we must wait for the courts to sort things out.

The conspirators—whoever they all turn out to be—came close to getting away with allowing the five hapless burglars to fall alone. But the judge who convicted the five decided they had not told the whole truth, and his pressure led McCord to talk. Judge Sirica probably would not have been so insistent had the *Post* not relentlessly insisted on the absurdity of the idea that CREEP, although tightly controlled from the White House, had employees using hundreds of thousands of dollars to finance felonies without the knowledge of anyone in the White House. The President asked the fox (Dean) to "investigate" the henhouse and the fox reported that nothing was amiss. So the country is reduced to hoping that the President has been the innocent victim of his own misjudgments about staff—that he has been lied to consistently by some of his closest associates.

One thing that should be emphasized is that Mitchell, Dean, and Magruder are not politicians. Prior to Watergate Mitchell's principal political achievements were managing the 1968 campaign (wherein defeat was nearly snatched from the jaws of victory) and setting the strident law-and-order theme for the GOP in the disappointing 1970 elections. Dean and Magruder are just young men upwardly mobile in the current Washington manner, clean-cut, affable, and unburdened with ideas. The Mitchells, Deans, and Magruders are doing on the GOP side what the professors, playwrights, and professional students did on the Democratic side in 1972: They are demonstrating that politics is too serious to be left to nonpoliticians. "Trust the politicians," Pat Moynihan once said, "they know what they know." They know you do not win elections by bugging offices, and that is the best reason for believing the President had nothing to do with planning Watergate.

Still, the Administration shows no evidence that it has learned anything. It is time to quit being so disastrously cute, and to start preserving the President's ability to govern.

Nixon, in the words of his embattled predecessor, is the only President we've got. No one can command, "Pray, take this Administration away, it has no theme." But if the spreading stain of Watergate is not cleansed, the Administration will have no authority—power, but no authority.

The President's attempt to be de Gaulle has collapsed. What is worrisome is that in a republic those who try to be de Gaulle come (as de Gaulle did in 1968) to resemble Louis Napoleon, "a sphinx without a riddle," all power and no authority—a pitiful, helpless giant. □

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JAMES BURNHAM

Cambodia: Prelude or Epilogue?

MR. NIXON'S operations in Indochina during the past six weeks suggest he may be suffering from an ailment to which successful politicans are prone: believing one's own rhetoric. The January ceasefire agreement, as I have had past occasion to point out, signaled the failure of the U.S. mission in Indochina. In essence it amounted to a protocol for American military disengagement from Vietnam. On this, since it was what both sides wanted, there was a meeting of minds. And the disengagement, which included the release of American POWs in correlation with the withdrawal of American troops, was carried out just about on schedule.

Concerning everything else there had been no genuine meeting of minds. Disengagement apart, the other matters referred to were what the fighting had been about all these years. Since the fighting had been inconclusive, these matters naturally couldn't be settled just by writing a lengthy text. Apart from the sections dealing directly with the disengagement and prisoners' return, the agreement is ambiguous, unrealistic, and unworkable. And in the event it is not working.

Interestingly enough, when the Administration spokesmen seek to justify the renewed bombing of Cambodia or Laos, the episodic suspension of mine removal, or the threat of no future aid to Hanoi, they refer not to any specific clauses of the written agreement but to secret "understandings" that Henry Kissinger is now alleged to have reached with Le Duc Tho, although when presenting the text of the agreement to newsmen and the world, Kissinger thrice denied the existence of any secret understandings.

When boiled down to its essence, the agreement is a narrow, uninspiring, and in truth humiliating document. It is hardly surprising that the President covered it with a good deal of rhetorical sauce in serving it up to the citizens and voters. We had won, we heard, "peace with honor," and had taken a big stride toward "lasting peace." We had honored our commitment, our men would be coming home "with heads high," etc.

What has been happening in Indochina since the signing of the agreement is what anyone who had made a correct assessment of its meaning expected to happen. But to those who believed the agreement really did signify peace and the fulfillment of the basic American commitment—i.e., defeat of the Communist struggle to take power in all Indochina—what the Communists throughout Indochina have been doing is a "violation" of the ceasefire and a sabotage of peace that merit punishment.

Moreover, what has been happening tends to clarify the true meaning of the agreement, and thus to prick the inflated rhetoric with which the President surrounded it.

Bombing as Panacea

Therefore the bombers over Cambodia, and a few now and then over Laos. The rhetoric demands them. There is no need for the bombers in order to carry out the essence of the agreement—the U.S. military withdrawal and the POW release. That has already been accomplished, and the bombings only risk re-engagement and a new lot of POWs. There is no serious military point in the bombings. In the Cambodian conditions the military efficiency of B-52s is minimal if not negative, and will have no long-term effect on the chaotic political situation on the ground. It will be unable, specifically, to salvage the Lon Nol government. But for Mr. Nixon to have "done nothing" about the Communist moves toward power in Cambodia would have exposed the emptiness of his rhetoric—to himself first of all. Mr. Nixon is not yet willing to face the simple Vietnam reality, and to ask us to face it with him: to accept the fact that we failed in our Indochina mission, and pulled out.

Is the Cambodian bombing, then, a prelude to more general military re-entry? I don't think so; I think the Cambodia bombing serves as epilogue, not prelude—a bitter and futile lashing out by the retreating tiger. Given a little time, reality takes precedence over rhetoric. Some sort of political formula will be found, probably fairly soon, that will serve as excuse to leash the bombers. The President has announced that he will be making his Grand Tour of Western Europe this autumn. He is not going to visit London, Paris, Bonn, and Rome while his B-52s are carpet-bombing Indochina.

Cambodia doesn't have any sort of coherent political structure anyway, so there is opportunity for improvisation. What Mr. Nixon wants is a breather: a chance to say the fighting has died down and from now on you local people will have to take over. He is pressing for some sort of political arrangement, however temporary, that could be called, as in Laos, a "coalition," and thus not "Communist rule imposed by force."

And now Prince Norodom Sihanouk has popped back onstage. Granted the limited range of Mr. Nixon's options, it is not excluded that he might settle for Sihanouk. In his journey this spring to Cambodia and Hanoi, Sihanouk rounded up support from the Communists in the field and from the North Vietnamese. Pham Van Dong greeted him as "head of state, the holder of the legality, authenticity, and continuity of the Cambodian state." Peking has given him a home in exile and consistent political support, and Chou En-lai was at the airport April 10 to welcome him back.

Sihanouk is not a Communist, and cleverly described himself in his broadcast message to Cambodia from Hanoi as "internationally the authentic representative of independent, non-aligned, and anti-imperialist Cambodia with territorial integrity." Thus a restored Sihanouk government in Cambodia might be an acceptable face-saver for nearly everyone. Moscow, which recognizes the Lon Nol government and has been cool to Sihanouk in exile, might not be overly enthusiastic to see a Peking client installed in Pnompenh. Under the circumstances, this might seem an added recommendation from Washington's perspective. □

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Years and years ago, two United Steel Workers Union officials worked out a no-strike negotiating formula based on "productivity-sharing." The Union adopted their idea —last month. It holds, says the author, the key to labor peace

Should the Unions Agree To Give Up Strikes?

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WHAT SHOULD a conservative of libertarian bent say about strikes? Obviously, to tell a man he cannot quit work either singly or in planned concert with his fellows is an infringement of personal liberty. It could be considered a contravention of the Thirteenth Amendment, which, despite the draft, is supposed to prohibit involuntary servitude. Professor Milton Friedman, who prizes consistency beyond most conservatives, would argue that the way to deal with strikes is to protect personal rights all across the board. Let the erring unions strike, he says, but enforce the law when it comes to confronting violence on the picket line and other forms of intimidation directed at employers who try to keep their factories running.

Professor Friedman is right, but, as we all know, the laws designed to keep union goons from maiming strikebreakers, making threatening telephone calls, and splashing paint on the homes and automobiles of scabs, are not going to be enforced. Once upon a time it was the Coal and Iron Police that could get away with murder. Today, with the blessing of the National Labor Relations Board and liberal opinion in general, the shoe is on the other foot. César Chavez' United Farm Workers Union can spread palpable untruths about poison spray on grapes, and no law against secondary boycotts protects the supermarkets. The works of Professor Sylvester Petro provide us with a startling catalogue of union misdemeanors and felonies, 98 per cent of which, by any reasonable guess, go entirely unpunished.

Meanwhile, John Davenport's call to apply the antitrust laws to the big industrywide unions is greeted with singular apathy in a Democratic Congress. A subcommittee of this Congress is even now dallying with the idea of legitimizing strikes by the postal workers union, which would surely be seized upon as a precedent by the teachers unions and Jerry Wurf's 450,000-member American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees. Such legitimization could end by delivering us all to the monopolistic mercies of a gaggle of entrenched civil servants who, by Churchillian and Orwellian definition, would be no longer servants and no longer civil.

With de facto compulsory unionism permitted under the guise of the union shop in all but 19 of the fifty states, and with the legal processes heavily weighted in favor of big unions, isn't it a little footless to ask for evenhanded justice in dealing with the rights of labor and the rights of management? Why not stop all the paltering and come out flatly for a universal law calling for compulsory conciliation and arbitration of labor disputes? After all, Australia has had such a federal law since 1904; and if the Australians have found it workable, why can't we?

There . . .

Three years ago, during a visit to Australia, I was told that the law, while not perfect, had found almost universal acceptance. There is a right of appeal from arbitrators appointed by the Commonwealth Conciliation and Arbitration Commission, and an industrial court deals with questions of enforcement and interpretation. Many disputes never reach a tribunal; they are settled by processes of negotiation. The individual Australian states each have wage boards consisting of equal numbers of representatives of management and labor.

All is not peaceful on the Australian labor front however. Since 1960 Australian unions have been fined more than $300,000 by the Industrial Court for striking after settlements have been made. Left-wing unions look with longing eyes on what the American construction and maritime workers have been able to wangle by their legally approved intransigencies. The newly formed Amalgamated Metal Workers Union, which, with 170,000 members, is the largest union in Australia, has taken the lead in opposition to compulsory arbitration. But the second largest union, the Australian Workers

John Chamberlain has studied the labor scene for years, in Barron's, *the* Wall Street Journal, *and elsewhere.*

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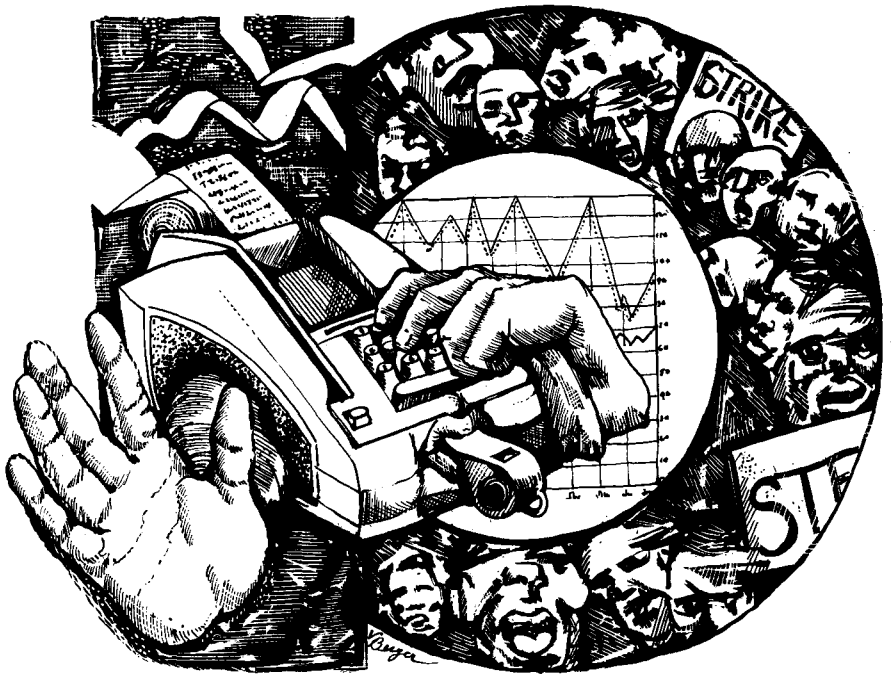
Union, still supports it. Even though a Labor government—Gough Whitlam's —is now in power it is not likely that the Australians will give up something that has served them for almost three-quarters of a century. The Aussies hold tenaciously to their traditions, as the women's lib movement is now finding out. A relevant consideration for a critic would be to ask if there are fundamental differences between Australia and the United States. As indeed there are.

Despite the fact that it was settled by convicts, Australia is a far more law-abiding country than America. The law that prohibits strikes by public employees in the United States has not had any appreciable restraining effect on the teachers, the garbage collectors, or even the police. Even in the middle of World War II the late John L. Lewis pulled his coal miners out of the pits without being indicted for giving aid and comfort to the enemy. So where is the assurance that compulsory arbitration would be accepted? George Meany has publicly scoffed at the idea. Sixty years ago the Wobblies demonstrated that you couldn't put a whole union in jail.

. . . and Here

My own feeling is that a Congress that boggles at passing a national right-to-work law can hardly be brought to legislate compulsory arbitration for the whole country. The labor constituency is too powerful, and any number of politicians can tell you just how welcome those union funds are when it comes to election year.

This does not necessarily mean that arbitration in the United States has no future. After all, a country that has legitimized cooling-off periods in disputes in critical industries might be brought to accept some pressure on unions to key their strike demands to some sort of generally accepted productivity formula. An "incomes policy" law might be phrased to limit strike aims to the capacity of given industries or given companies to increase their unit productivity during the year. Instead of trying to settle any and all strikes, the job of the arbitrator would fall to an accountant to determine the point where increases in wages and fringe benefits would exceed increases in productivity. If the strikers were to persist in making demands that went beyond the accountant's flashpoint, they would be told to key them down. There would be no obligation on the part of an employer to accept union terms within the productivity formula (after all, any employer is quite within his rights when he tries to save some breathing space for his stockholders and possibly to provide lower prices for the customer). But the union would be effectively warned that a wage increase beyond the productivity flashpoint would be treated as illegal, and subject to confiscation at income-tax time.



When the AFL-CIO's George Meany ties his wage demands to the accelerating price of meat, he may not be straining legal law but he is surely straining natural law. The natural law of productivity was formulated a century and a half ago by economist J. B. Say, who laid it down as a self-evident truth that productivity creates its own purchasing power. But it is automobile production that creates the purchasing power of the automobile worker, not meat production on the Texas ranges. If the vaulting price of tenderloin is to be made the measure of an automobile worker's compensation, Detroit must try to recoup by raising the price of the car. And the government will inevitably be called upon to inflate the currency in order to enable people to clear the market of cars at the meat-included price.

Beginning of the End

There must, then, be some constraint on Mr. Meany if Say's Law of Markets is to work without the continual flushing of the money supply that follows when unions force settlements that exceed productivity in their own particular bailiwicks. But if government won't provide "incomes policy" constraints, who will?

The answer, surprisingly, is that individual unions may, at last, be coming to their senses about this business of risking long and costly strikes. You could have knocked me over with a feather when the United Steel Workers, the second largest labor organization in the nation, came out with their "Experimental Negotiating Proposal" that goes into effect this May 15. The new agreement calls for opening wage negotiations by February 1974, which is seven months in advance of the expiration of the present contract. If the issues are not settled by April 16, 1974, the loose ends will be submitted to arbitrators for a compulsorily binding decision. The formula for settling matters calls for a 3 per cent annual wage increase through 1976, which should be within the productivity capacity of the industry to meet the union demands without ballooning prices.

I. W. Abel of the United Steel Workers has said that strikes are "obsolete." He spoke, of course, from bitter experience. Strikes and crisis bargaining have reduced USW membership by at least one-third as steel users in the U.S.

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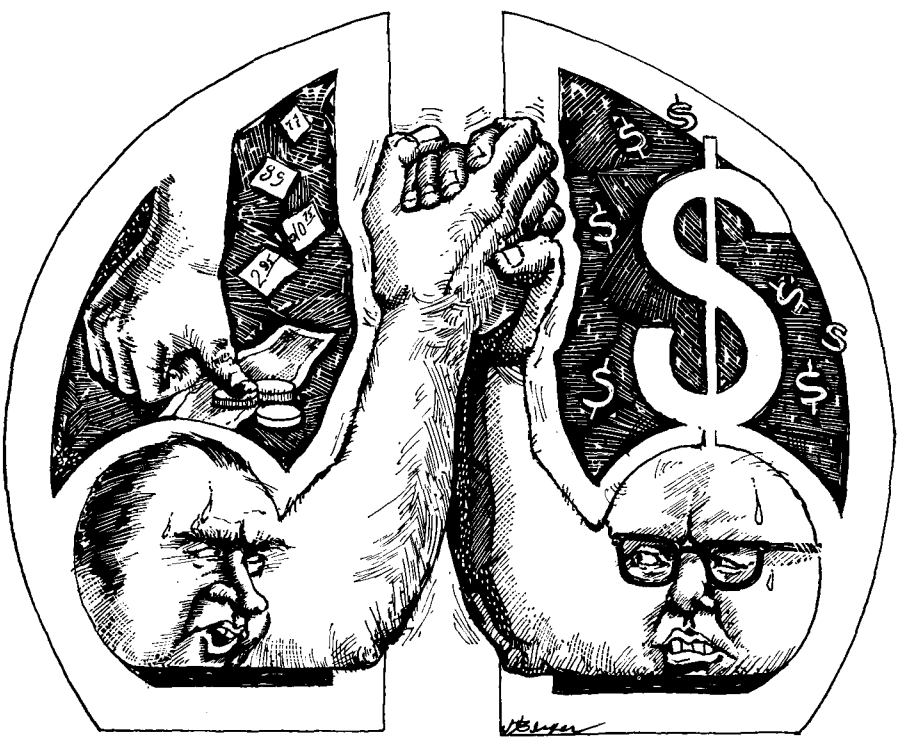
have turned to other metals or plastics and to offshore sources of supply. Because of huge anticipatory stockpiling of steel by its customers in 1971 the steel industry was beset by a long period of small orders. Some $80 million was lost.

Mr. Abel is to be commended for his eleventh-hour conversion to common sense. In arriving at his belated conclusion he was, whether he realized it or not, harkening to pioneers who spoke their brave pieces in his own union a quarter of a century ago. Those brave pieces went unheeded at the time; nevertheless, they represented a strain of thinking in the steel union that has always been in accord with good free-enterprise principles. The founders of the steel union, John L. Lewis and Phil Murray, had come out of the coal mines, and Lewis, who contemptuously referred to the automobile workers' Walter Reuther as a half-baked Marxist, plumed himself on his devotion to competition. He encouraged the coal-mine owners to use cost-saving equipment even when it meant putting individual miners out of work. Phil Murray followed Lewis in his economics, at least in theory.

So it was that Murray encouraged two young men, Harold Ruttenberg and Joseph Scanlon, to do some close thinking at his Pittsburgh headquarters. Harold Ruttenberg had grown up in a coal town, and his young manhood, as he once told me, was dedicated to hating the rich. It was Clinton Golden, a philosophical old-timer who had become a vice president of the steel union, who jolted Ruttenberg out of his crude class-struggle ideas. Together with Golden, Ruttenberg had worked out a productivity-sharing formula that led, indirectly, to the creation in 1943 of the joint labor-management committees of the War Production Board. Ruttenberg urged Phil Murray to adapt the wartime formula of the labor-management committees to the postwar world. He could see no reason why representatives of both management and the union could not cooperate on programs of cost-cutting and share the resulting profits after making due allowance for lower prices to the consumer.

Although Murray said the time was not ripe for a peacetime application of the Ruttenberg formula, he did allow Joe Scanlon to work out productivity sharing in one small, shaky company. The so-called "Scanlon Plan" succeeded beyond Murray's expectations, and it had some sporadic adaptation in small fabricating plants. But the refusal of the USW to accept "co-development" thinking for the entire steel industry disappointed Ruttenberg and Scanlon. Ruttenberg took a job running the Portsmouth Steel Company for Cyrus Eaton, made some money on stock options, and then bought the Stardrill-Keystone Company, a well-drilling outfit that has taken him all over the world. Later, after selling his company, Ruttenberg made a study of the productivity possibilities of marginal steel companies in the Pittsburgh region. He could not sell his services to the steel union to extend his investigations. I called him on the telephone when I heard of the USW's acceptance of arbitration. The union, he said, had finally realized that "the strike is like the H-bomb—too dangerous to be used."

Scanlon, an effervescent, outgoing Irishman who happened to be a born teacher, took himself from Pittsburgh to New England, where he taught a course at MIT in the elements of union-management productivity sharing. I once visited a company, the Adamson Tank Co. of East Palestine, Ohio, that had adopted a variant of the Scanlon Plan. The company was thriving at the time, and the owner was just as pleased as the workers. Scanlon could not get Phil Murray to accept the productivity-sharing formula for all the smaller marginal companies that had their backs to the wall in the postwar period. But no idea is ever lost, and the Ruttenberg-Scanlon tradition has lingered on in Pittsburgh. It is no accident, as the Marxists would say, that the steel union has been the first in the country to decide that the strike is obsolete and that mutually accepted arbitration within productivity limits is the way of the future.



George Meany is a stubborn man, and he has expressed himself in no uncertain terms on the subject of compulsory arbitration. When asked if he favored binding arbitration of strikes in public-service industries as an alternative to saying no strikes, he answered with a blunt no. Cagily, he observed that public-service people would strike whether the law forbade it or not. But even Meany has said that "more and more people in the trade-union movement are thinking of other ways to advance without the use of the strike method."

True enough, the gruff Mr. Meany has used the strike threat to force President Nixon to do something about meat prices. But if we can get through the near future without the big strikes that have been predicted, the steel union's influence should spread. Voluntary acceptance of binding arbitration would be better than compulsion, which would be a long time in coming anyway. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Quiet Revolution: A Cautionary Tale

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

It is an extraordinary and significant paradox that a Republican government in America and a Conservative government in Britain, both of which began by declaring their belief in economic freedom and by being firmly opposed to the whole idea of an "incomes policy," and of economic intervention generally, should be responsible for unprecedentedly elaborate wage and price controls.

The turnaround has been even more dramatic and complete in Britain than in the United States, the contrast sharper between what the government pledged itself to do and what it has done, between the philosophy with which it came into office and the philosophy that it now preaches. Some Conservative members of Parliament, remembering what they said during the election campaign and not being totally devoid of political conscience, are distinctly embarrassed these days when talking to their constituents.

In a major speech soon after he became Prime Minister, Edward Heath promised a "quiet revolution" in which the long postwar drift toward socialism would be reversed. People would learn to stand on their own feet again, and to accept responsibility for themselves and their families. The taxpayers' money would no longer be squandered on propping up uneconomic enterprises. The economy would be regulated, not by bureaucrats and political decree, but by the bracing atmosphere of a free market.

Mr. Heath was supposed to be the new model of a Conservative leader. He might look and sound less like an old-fashioned Tory than Harold Macmillan or Sir Alec Douglas-Home did—so much the better, since he had to match the unscrupulous and supposedly classless appeal of Harold Wilson—but, partly for that very reason, he would be much tougher in his pursuit of truly conservative policies.

But that isn't at all how matters have turned out. Now, two and a half years later, not only has the "quiet revolution" conspicuously failed to occur, but the drift toward socialism—i.e., ubiquitous state control—has actually accelerated. Subsidies are being distributed more lavishly than ever. Government spending continues to soar. The army of bureaucrats grows larger. And Mr. Heath himself no longer talks about individual freedom; instead, he speaks the language of the Corporate State.

So what went wrong? Why did this last, best hope of conservatism fade so quickly?

The first thing to realize (and something similar would probably apply in any other country) is that, when Mr. Heath won his totally unexpected victory in the 1970 election, it was not because of some sudden surge of support for conservatism, but because many people were disgusted by the slipperiness of Harold Wilson and alarmed by the rapid inflation that had been let loose when the Labor government, under pressure from the unions—the Labor Party's paymasters—abandoned its attempt to curb strikes and regulate wage increases.

Sharper competition, lower taxes, a stricter legal framework for the unions, and wage increases gently reined back to a more tolerable pace, were the new government's formula for checking inflation and restoring the health of Britain's economy. And, for a little while, it seemed to be working. Wage settlements were lower. British industry showed signs of becoming more efficient. There were marginal tax cuts. Strikes by the power workers and the postmen fizzled out. The settlements were still inflationary, but this fact was disguised because the strikers themselves believed they had been defeated. The Industrial Relations Act, containing provisions rather like those of Taft-Hartley (and very like those which the Labor government had been forced to drop), was pushed through despite furious opposition from the unions and from the Labor Party.

Then, quite quickly, along the whole front, the government's policy began to crumble.

Because unemployment was relatively high and rising, the government lost its nerve about not supporting the "lame ducks" of industry. Rolls-Royce was expensively salvaged. The taxpayers' money was poured into decaying coal mines and strike-plagued shipyards. And, as though to confirm the change of policy, the government passed a new law—the Industries Act—enabling it to subsidize anything, anywhere, anytime.

Spending on the social services increased too—and so did the budget deficit. The money supply grew faster still, reaching, at one point, the terrifying rate of 30 per cent a year. The government refused to curb it effectively; instead, it pinned its faith on the old, easy-way-out, all-purpose solution: "growth." A growth rate of 5 per cent a year was promised (as though any government could guarantee economic growth), and future public spending has been scheduled on that assumption, despite the fact that the British economy has never in the past achieved anywhere near such a rate of consistent growth.

Meanwhile the unions, hating the Conservative government, resentful of the Industrial Relations Act (which they pretended not even to recognize), smarting under the supposed defeat of the previous year's strikes, and determined to give their members the sort of annual increase in real purchasing power they had come to expect, began to feel their own strength.

The coal miners went on strike, and, by picketing the power stations, succeeded in plunging the whole country into prolonged periods of darkness and chill. Because mining is considered an unpleasant job, the strikers enjoyed a surprising degree of public sympathy. Since the coal mines are nationalized, the government's own credibility was directly at stake—and the government surrendered. The miners were given a huge raise.

Next it was the turn of the railways, another nationalized industry. Desperately the government tried to use its new Act. A cooling-off period and a

Mr. Lejeune writes regularly for NR.

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ballot were ordered: But, when these brought no weakening in the strike, the government again surrendered. The settlement was grossly, undisguisedly inflationary.

The government tried a new tack. The heads of the TUC (which is Britain's equivalent of the AFL-CIO) and representatives of the main employers' organization were invited to a series of tripartite talks with the government, at which, Mr. Heath said, they could decide among them how to divide up the proceeds of growth. Perhaps fortunately, the unions had become too arrogant and too militant to accept this extraordinary offer. They demanded—and the Labor Party, disgracefully, supported them—that the government should control prices but not impose the slightest restriction on wage bargaining.

Liberal Conservatives and most editorial writers had applauded the change in the government's policy; a change, as they saw it, from a policy of confrontation with the unions to one of cooperation. Only Mr. Enoch Powell incurred, not for the first time, the wrath of his own party leaders by spelling out, with acid clarity, precisely where such proposals must lead.

They meant, he said, that extraparliamentary institutions would become supreme, not only over the economy, but over the entire social structure, for, by fixing prices and incomes, they would be replacing the free decisions of the market with their own value judgments, both economic and social. "This sort of policy," he went on, "is, of course, totalitarian, because it must deliberately and consciously determine the totality of actions and activities by members of the community; but it is a particular kind of totalitarian regime, one, namely, in which authority is exercised and the decisions are taken by a hierarchy of unions or corporations. For this particular kind of totalitarianism the twentieth century has a name. That name is Fascist."

Nobody attempted to refute Mr. Powell. He was merely blamed for tactlessly putting a nasty label on an inevitable policy; inevitable because the only alternative was a cutback in public expenditure, combined with rigid control of the money supply, which would produce effects so unpopular that no democratic government could persist with such a policy long enough to succeed.

The argument was short-circuited, however, when the unions walked out of the tripartite talks. The government, faced with the urgent need to do something before inflation got totally out of hand, and seeing that President Nixon's wage-and-price policy was popular and apparently successful, announced a similar but sterner package of its own. Phase I was a complete freeze of all wages and prices—except such prices as might be forced up by world market conditions. Phase II, which has now begun, will allow maximum pay increases of £1 a week plus 4 per cent of a company's total wage bill: But no individual can have a raise of more than £250 a year. Dividend increases will be limited to 5 per cent, and profit margins must not exceed the average level of the best two of the previous five years.

A Price Commission and a Pay Board will be established, with regulatory powers intended to cover at least the next three years. Strikes or the threat of strikes, designed to coerce an employer into contravening the regulations, are illegal. Nobody, including the government, knows what Phase III, due in the autumn, will be like.

THE UNIONS are angrier than ever, determined—on political as much as economic grounds—to defeat the government. The psychology of inflation has taken firm hold; so that, for example, workers in a major industry where productivity is increasing by just over 3 per cent a year are seriously claiming that a wage increase of 30 per cent would be reasonable. The Labor opposition is eagerly exploiting the unions' resentment, while admitting that the government's package offers a formidable array of powers and controls that a future Labor government would gladly use for its own purposes. The liberal Conservatives, the editorial writers, and public opinion as a whole (if the opinion polls are to be believed) support the government, however, and blame the unions for having rejected the policy of cooperation. But, as soon as the unions start to make strike noises, there are still plenty of advocates of industrial peace at any price. Only a small minority consisting of Powellites and free-market economists is philosophically unhappy, although there is a good deal of skepticism about whether the government's new policy will actually succeed.

There are various reasons, both political and economic, why Mr. Heath may find it harder to achieve even the illusion of success with his prices-and-incomes policy than President Nixon did. Britain's problems are more intractable, her economy is at a different stage in the cycle and he lacks the personal authority of an American President. It may be, nevertheless, that Mr. Heath, though not popular as a figure, has been put—as much by his opponents as by any cunning of his own—in a heads-I-win, tails-you-lose electoral situation. If, when the next election comes (and it needn't come for another two years), he seems to have checked the rate of inflation and to have got the unions under control, he will surely reap a harvest of grateful votes. If, on the other hand, the unions look like wrecking his policy, he can call a snap election and appeal to the country on a "Who do you want to rule Britain—the elected government or the unions?" platform: And he would probably win overwhelmingly.

But such a victory for the Conservative Party under Mr. Heath would not, it now seems clear, be a victory for conservatism in any recognizable sense. All the principles of which, in that glad confident morning, Mr. Heath was thought to be the brave new champion have been jettisoned without a qualm. Freedom has simply disappeared from the agenda: And nobody seems to care.

This is why Britain's example is so important and so disturbing. When Mr. Heath proclaimed his "quiet revolution," it looked like the best chance conservatives have had anywhere, for many years, of showing that the tide could be turned, the inexorable leftward trend reversed, freedom recovered. Must we now conclude that the thing is impossible and that the liberals and Marxists are right in regarding each step toward collectivism as inevitable and irreversible? Perhaps at least in a universal-suffrage, two-party democracy, there really can be no going back, because any reduction of subsidies and state-run welfare services (without which there can never be any worthwhile reduction of taxes), any rejection of egalitarianism in favor of liberty, will always alienate a sufficiently large number of voters to overthrow, at the next election, a government that persists in such policies. It may be so: But if it is, there will soon be no free nation left on earth. □

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SPECIAL REPORT

A report at some greater length on that controversial sex-cum-Maoism pamphlet authorities at Princeton wish now they had never authorized in the first place, and how a radical commune in Montreal got rich

Maoism and Sex at Princeton

FRANCIS RUSSELL

LONG AGO when I was an undergraduate in Germany I found that the university's solicitude for my entering self consisted of giving me a mimeographed address list of people who rented rooms to students. The authorities, from their Kafkaesque remoteness, also sponsored a small student union that served snacks. (I recall particularly a most repellent jam omelette.) That was all. What we did in our spare time, where or how or with whom we lived did not concern the university. Nor were there such recurrent checkups as November hours, midyears, finals, a dean's list. A student attended a certain number of lectures, contributed papers for a certain number of seminars, then wrote a thesis which, if approved, gave him a degree. The function of the university remained to impart knowledge, neither more nor less.

I still feel today that such should be the function of the colleges here. What undergraduates do with their spare time and their spare nights, what they choose for sports and recreation, are their own affairs. It is really not a function of a college to supply dormitories, gymnasiums, stadiums, skating rinks, birth-control clinics, anything more in fact than libraries, laboratories, classrooms, and lecture halls. The elimination of all but these essentials would make college life singularly unattractive for the majority and would soon reduce the student population to an educable minority.

To console the rest, as Harvard's Barrett Wendell suggested in a much earlier era, it might be well to give all Americans an AB degree at birth since that is what they seem to want.

There used to be—for all I know there still is—a requirement at Harvard that an undergraduate had to swim fifty

yards to be eligible for a degree. Swimming is a worthy sport, one of my favorites as a matter of fact, but I felt then that it should not be Harvard's concern whether its students could sink or swim. Similarly I feel it is no business of any college to see that its students take physical exercise, have psychiatric consultations, register their out-of-state autos, go to the dentist, or receive instruction in sexual matters. All of which brings me to the by-now well-publicized "Birth Control Handbook" recently distributed to all undergraduates at Princeton and I don't know how many other American colleges. For me it is just another case of unwarranted paternalism, like Harvard's swimming requirements. It would seem to be redundant as well. Undoubtedly the equivalent information could be found more adequately in any of the sex encyclopedia paperbacks at the nearest drugstore.

The pamphlet would have gone the way of most fourth-class mail clutter, if it were not for its clenched-fist politics. But since it bears the imprimatur of the university—and this does, having been sent by Princeton's Sex Education Counseling and Health Clinic with the approval of the clinic's 15-member faculty advisory council—one assumes that the contents, political and otherwise, have been endorsed by the university administration. Such is the assumption of the Undergraduates for a Stable America (USA) whose Princeton chapter chairman, Carolyn B. Kuhl '74, and two vice chairmen sent the following letter on April 5 to each of Princeton's trustees:

> As Trustees of Princeton University, you will be interested in the enclosed pamphlet. The "Birth Control Handbook" was distributed on March 6 to all undergraduates by McCosh Infirmary's Sex Education Counseling and Health program (SECH). A label identifying the material as being part of the SECH program was on the cover of those pamphlets which undergraduates received.
>
> Many students have expressed to us their concern about the political statements contained in the "Birth Control Handbook." We feel strongly that it is inappropriate for the University to distribute under its auspices any political-social commentary such as that found in the "Introduction" to the Handbook and in scattered sections through it. The dissemination of sex educational material is not at issue. However, by applying its resources to the distribu-

Mr. Russell, author and historian, appears regularly in NATIONAL REVIEW.

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tion of this Handbook, Princeton lends its prestigious name to the propagation of the pamphlet's political notions. We consider this a serious issue.

We would appreciate knowing whether you feel it was appropriate for one part of the University to engage in this action.

The Handbook is on my desk here along with the USA letter and other documents sent to this remote corner of Cape Cod for my comment. As was explained in the April 13 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, the Handbook is basically a Maoist political tract masquerading as a sexual information pamphlet. In their introduction the two authors—as one of many examples—attack the Zero Population Growth movement as a concealed capitalistic threat to fundamental human rights. They are

> horrified by the possibility that the U.S. would demand sterilization or birth-control programs in countries to which it gives food aid, especially given the current American attitude toward food production and distribution. . . . Untold millions of tons of grain have rotted in the holds of retired U.S. ships, which have been converted into floating storage bins. Big business actually destroys food, by burning grain, pouring milk into the ground, and shooting pigs. U.S. agribusiness has reason behind this madness. Food production in America has become fairly advanced, and food surpluses are constantly produced. With a surplus of food, prices go down. Since the U.S. population can only consume a certain amount of food, and since companies are not willing to give away the food to starving nations, surpluses must be destroyed to maintain the high prices that make them so much money.
>
> An advertisement for the Committee To Check the Population Explosion tells us that every day about ten thousand people die of starvation in "undeveloped" countries. The ad says little of the U.S. where in 1968 the Citizens' Board of Inquiry into Hunger and Malnutrition estimated that thirty million Americans are hungry and ten million of them are actually starving. The Committee's ad suggests that the horrible worldwide starvation exists "because world population growth has already outrun world food supply." How can these people dare to suggest that world food supply is insufficient when U.S. companies destroy any existing food surplus. . . ?

Later on the authors maintain that even with American population growth reduced to 1 per cent it is impossible to control pollution because of the "irresponsible greedy companies which pour filth into our atmosphere in the process of making their huge profits," and because of the war industry, America's largest, "that bleeds taxpayers dry and exists only for death, destruction, and ecological tragedy." As for the Vietnam war, that was fought because of the "huge resources of tin, which American industry wants and is prepared to do almost anything to get."

Limitation of population, the authors conclude, will solve nothing. The only solution is a revolutionary political one. China is the example, where 700 million Chinese rose as one man (and woman) to overthrow their foreign exploiters. There one finds in undiluted form: equality for women, voluntary birth control, sterilization and abortion programs, a proper ordering of priorities such as education and food, and no sparrows. Only by following the celestial example will Americans solve their own problems of hunger, pollution, crime in the streets, racism, sex discrimination, and war. And, I presume, starlings.

Dr. Mao's Prescription

A rather charming secondary picture the authors manage to conjure up for me of a day when we have organized our own anthill on the Chinese model, when I am no longer sickened by General Motors exhaust fumes as I bicycle to my factory or commune, pausing perhaps to shoot a few sparrows with my slingshot. When it snows in our alabaster cities we dash out en masse with dustpan and brush and sweep up the flakes. In our canteens we watch the Red Guard ballerinas swinging swords against the long-vanished enemies of the people, or, turning to something lighter, possibly a milk brigade ensemble. The surgeon's knife has given way to the needle. There are no problems of abortion or sterilization, for communal frogponds keep a constant supply of tadpoles on the contraceptive alert. As Chairman Mao laid down in his little Red Book: "A tadpole a day keeps the baby away." Toad tadpoles are more effective, being smaller; I understand they slip down very easily. And at Princeton, reactionary deans and professors kneel in the dust before the corrective student body. . . .

As I leaf through the 48-page Handbook, I am increasingly aware of Uncle Mao in the souffleur's box. Page 16 disposes of Doctors Rock and Garcia, who in developing The Pill in 1956 tested various combinations of synthetic estrogens and progesterones on Puerto Rican women from a slum clearance development.

> Officially Puerto Rican women were chosen because of their high pregnancy rate; in fact, these poor, non-white women were used as guinea pigs since scientists hesitate to test such potent medication on white American women.

No doubt Dr. Spock would have tried it out on his wife. But no matter. On page 26 I learn that

> since the growth of large populations in nations of the Third World (Africa, Latin America, parts of Asia, etc.) represents a threat to the power and world dominance of such countries as the United States, considerable attention is being directed at the IUD [intra-uterine device] by these nations. . . . By advocating "voluntary sterilization" and use of the IUD, the governments of the United States, Britain, and other Western powers are attempting to control by contraception the numbers of non-white people, just as white people from Europe eliminated large numbers of red Indians by importing European diseases for which the Indian had no antibody (immunity) resistance.

Finally on page 36 I am told that

> sterilization operations were performed by Nazi doctors on Jews in World War II. Today, the United States legal system manages to sterilize "welfare mothers" (usually black people) who have had illegitimate children. . . . In New York, judges offer women the choice—either be sterilized or receive no more welfare.

As I lay the pamphlet aside, two questions flicker through my mind. Just who are the people who got out this pamphlet? How does it get mass distribution in American colleges? To both questions I find only blurred answers. As to the first, the Handbook's cover has as its emblem a caduceus from which emerges a clenched fist, the thumb anatomically impossible, but still clenched. Underneath is inscribed "Medicine For The People." The Handbook has been produced by the "workers" of Journal Offset Inc., Montreal. It is published and administered by the Handbook Collective, Box 1000, Montreal. Eight members of the collective are listed, six women and two men.

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Two members did the writing and editing, another the anatomical drawings, others the curiously irrelevant photographs. The collective also published a VD Handbook. Price of the "Birth Control Handbook" is $45 a thousand plus shipping charges. That is all that is known, or at least filters down to me here: A Montreal and presumably hippie commune, raising the clenched fist at $45 a thousand. I understand that at least three million copies of the Handbook have been distributed in the United States at such various campuses as Tufts, Boston University, University of Massachusetts, University of Pennsylvania, University of Connecticut and as far south as Alabama. At $45 a thousand, that's a gross of well over $100,000. Reminds me a little of the hippie commune in western Massachusetts—three hundred communards, 150 of them on welfare, the leader drives a Rolls-Royce.

I'm still a little puzzled as to how the Montreal communards peddle their products in the United States. The SECH director, Dr. Louis Pyle, is not telling, but after the political issue had been aired he defended the Handbook as "factual, accurate, complete, and readable." The political statements in the introduction he found "very much overstated and therefore not credible. I would tend to think students are sophisticated enough to discount it. They're used to seeing rhetoric."

Apparently the advisory committee had been aware of the political bias of the Handbook when they approved its distribution last summer. That committee seems a matey little group, including the dean and assistant dean of student affairs (Ms.), the associate dean of the college and the vice president for administrative affairs. Given to nicknames and informality, they are listed here as Tony, Ernie, Debbie, Liz, one lay and one clerical Bill, Halcy, and Sue. *Sancta simplicitas.* No subversion here. I can almost get a whiff of that Balkan Soubranie mixture from the Reverend Bill's pipe.

Some Objections

Originally, Dr. Pyle explains disarmingly, it had been planned to distribute the Handbook with a leaflet describing the SECH and explaining that "occasionally the program will distribute printed materials which will be chosen for their accuracy in portraying certain aspects of human sexuality and without implied endorsement of any accompanying political or social commentary." The leaflet went out in September, but "logistics" problems delayed the Handbook for another five months. Vice President for Administrative Affairs Anthony "Tony to you" Maruca now feels, however, that the Handbook should have been accompanied by a reaffirmation of the disclaimer. Dean Halcyone "Halcy to you" Bohen on the other hand looks on the distribution of the Handbook as merely a distribution of sex-educational material. She feels that university neutrality on political issues is not at stake, in fact such concern on the university's part is to her mind "high-falutin'."

Such is not the opinion of the Undergraduates for a Stable America, who doubtless in the minds of Doc, Tony, Debbie, Liz, Halcy, Sue, and the rest represent a persnickety minority opinion, a challenge to that good old Princeton proverb: "No enemies to the left." In a special report that they have just had printed they give seven good reasons why they don't accept the university's plausibilities on the Handbook which they find a " 'hard-sell' ranging far afield from 'aspects of human sexuality' ":

1. Though the Handbook's political comments are irrelevant to SECH's purpose, Princeton nevertheless *did* circulate those comments.

2. SECH's previous disclaimer of political-social commentary would have been forgotten by the time the Handbook was distributed; even if the disavowal appeared anew in the Handbook, the university would still be propagandizing its students.

3. The Advisory Council's expectation that students would greet the political rhetoric in the Handbook with disdain misses the first point. "The issue," says USA, "is not student reaction to the views, but rather university neutrality on political issues."

4. "Because opinions on the . . . issues discussed in the Handbook are numerous, the university cannot distribute all such opinions. Therefore it should distribute none of them."

5. Distribution of the Handbook on other American campuses "should have no impact on Princeton's decision to distribute it."

6. To reproduce the Handbook with the Maoism removed would, according to one Princeton official, have entailed "considerable" effort and extra expense. SECH should have preserved Princeton's neutrality by taking the extra time and raising the extra money.

7. The Advisory Council says political commentary is "irrelevant" to its purpose and thus "not improper." "Would SECH have distributed the Handbook if it called for eugenic manipulation of so-called 'inferior' races and contained praise of Nazi Germany . . . ?"

What's Ahead?

So far the result at Princeton has been that the Handbook will receive no further distribution except on individual request, since the booklet "containing commentary on political, social, and economic matters was inconsistent with the university's policy regarding commentary of this kind." As for the future: The staff of SECH and the advisory committee will no doubt maintain publicly that they were in the right, but they'll be more cautious next time. Privately they will express sour opinions of "right-wing fanatics." A certain number of alumni will join those who have already vowed not to give another dime to Princeton. The "Birth Control Handbook" will circulate an additional million or so copies across the country, bringing in another $50,000 to the collective. The Montreal communards may buy a Rolls-Royce. One of the literate members of the Massachusetts legislature will discover that the very same Handbook is circulating at U-Mass. Distribution will be discontinued there and the university's president, mindful of state funds, will deliver a formal apology.

Chairman Mao will make some dubious converts. At Princeton the Undergraduates for a Stable America will have proved themselves right. This, they will find, brings hardships, if, indeed, they haven't discovered it already.

Meanwhile as an old Harvard kick-out I find myself wondering what is going on there. The Yard seems so quiet, nothing but student guides showing tourists the spots where *Love Story* was filmed. The last time I was there, inadvertently at the time of the Moratorium parade, an anarchist carrying a black flag and looking like the scarecrow from the *Wizard of Oz* called me a "skinhead." I think I shall go back to Cambridge one of these days to see if anything is happening. □

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LETTER FROM BERLIN

The Not-So-Free University

NORBERT MUHLEN

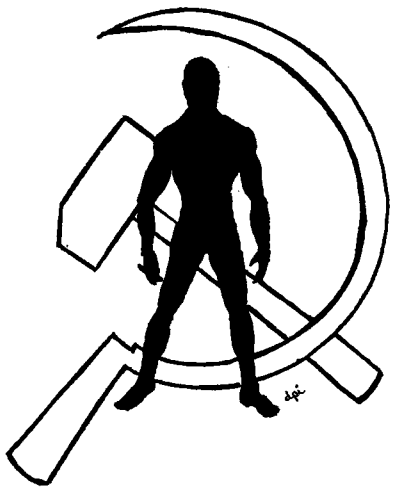
WHILE THE Great Cultural Revolution has become a thing of the relatively distant past in China where it was invented, it survives vigorously in West Berlin's Free University. Led by small radical cadres, up to now tolerated if not supported by a sympathetic Social-Democratic government and by cowardly professors, it has turned an institution of higher learning into a brainwashing plant and training school for revolutionaries. The once proudly named Free University—now, in the words of Golo Mann, a son of Thomas Mann and a leading modern historian, "Europe's unfreest university" —has become, as Lord Annas, the Chancellor of London University put it, "an intellectual ruin."

To understand what happened here, one must go back to the late 1940s. In the Communist-occupied parts of Berlin all institutions were Sovietized, among them the old Berlin University, which was founded by Wilhelm von Humboldt as a model of free teaching and learning. A number of students and professors fled to West Berlin where they set up their own, new Free University. As it expanded during the 1950s, the Ford Foundation supported it substantially; through personal representatives, the Foundation also pushed it to adopt liberal reforms doing away with the "authoritarian" traditions of German universities.

For a decade, East German refugees made up at least half of West Berlin's student population. They tended to be actively anti-Communist. When the Berlin Wall went up, they were succeeded by a very different breed: Because West Berlin was exempt from the military draft on account of its four-power occupation status, young Germans went there allegedly to study and actually to evade military service. Some of these draft-dodgers were radicals; others, not unlike their American counterparts, excused their unwillingness to serve by convincing themselves and others that they acted out of unselfish motives.

As soon as they heard about the Berkeley riots, the Free University students imitated their American comrades with riots of their own. On Kurfuerstendamm and other main streets of Berlin, the university radicals rebelled —never once against the Communist murder of their countrymen at the nearby Wall, but against a visit by the Shah of Persia, against the German government (not yet Socialist-Liberal at the time), and, of course, against the United States.

"We have to get them off the streets and back to the campus," Berlin's Socialist Lord Mayor, Klaus Schuetz, proclaimed at the time, and that was exactly what happened. To a casual visitor today, the large campus sprawling over the suburb of Dahlem seems a quiet enough place, undisturbed by the previous "confrontations," although occasionally decorated with red banners and large posters studded with four-letter words. Since last November, students in some of the departments have been on strike to protest examination rules. But on the whole, there have been no incidents lately to compare with that at the University of Munich in January, when sixty radical students broke open the locked doors behind which the faculty was meeting and beat up some of the professors, or the incident at Heidelberg last November when another group of radical students, protesting the alleged Nazi past of a professor of medicine, pelted him with eggs while he was performing an operation on a paralyzed patient. (At the end of Hitler's rule, this professor was 14 years old and had been persecuted by the Nazis as a "half-Jew.")



Such "pig hunts," as the hunters call them, are no longer needed in Berlin. On their "march through the institutions" (Rudi Dutschke's adaptation of Mao's strategy to German realities), the radicals have conquered the Free University, and now legally dominate it. They won their victory in 1968 when a new constitution of the university was passed, abolishing its traditional principles and "restructuring" it according to "progressive" demands. Now a "critical university," according to its supporters, it must be an instrument of "resocialization" or total revolution of the whole society. Today, the departments of philosophy, social science, German literature, history, and, naturally, political science have entirely submitted to the new storm troopers; others, like the departments of modern languages and economics, are about to give in.

All new appointments are decided by so-called department councils, each composed of seven professors, four assistants, three students, and one "other worker"—often a handyman or a secretary not necessarily familiar with the scholarly qualifications of an applicant. Even more stacked are the "departmental education committees," which have wide powers over curricula and classes. These are made up of three professors, three teaching assistants, and six students; those few relics who still want to fight for genuine academic work are of course hopelessly outnumbered. For university president, the majority elected one Rolf Kreibich, a former student of physics and sociology without a doctorate, but, like the Vice President, Uwe Wesel, an admitted radical leftist.

The first step was to pack the faculties with politically reliable members. Many professors left Berlin on their own, unwilling to submit to the harassment of the new ruling elite and to waste their time in endless committee

(Continues on page 540)

Mr. Muhlen is the American correspondent for a number of European newspapers.

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LETTER FROM PANAMA

Isthmian Games

ROBERT ANSELM

THE UNITED NATIONS Security Council met in Panama a few weeks ago with this slogan in five languages glaring down on them from a billboard several stories high: "Let the ambassadors of the friendly republics and the members of the foreign press here present answer: What nation can withstand the humiliation of a foreign flag piercing its heart?"

The meeting was conceived in mischief and ended in an emotional United States veto, which told the world to lay off the Panama Canal until such time as the U.S. settled affairs directly with the Panamanian government. The treaty that gave the United States the Canal Zone, fifty miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific and ten miles wide, was concluded in abrupt circumstances in far-off 1903. It followed the hasty recognition by Teddy Roosevelt of a Panamanian Republic conveniently detached from Colombia, hitherto the Isthmus' suzerain, for that purpose. The treaty reads that the United States shall have jurisdiction of the Zone "in perpetuity" for a pittance in 1973 dollar values.

Across the road from the Palacio Legislativo, as the ramshackle conference building was grandly described (it actually is the seat of the Panamanian parliament), stretch the lawns and fairways of the Panama Canal Zone. The Zone, rather than the Canal, is the real object of wrath. There it sits, looking for all the world like a staid, well-run American military post of the 1940s. In contrast, the shacks and debris of the Panama City slums scatter themselves in reproach along the other side of the road. The situation is a Marxist exemplar, a pure class struggle.

So it is not really the Canal, which is merely a piece of elaborate engineering, laid painfully and maintained impressively across the Isthmus, that forms the basis of antagonism. It is not the treaty either, although the American Government through all these years might have taken the trouble to alter or disguise it into something more acceptable to the modern conscience. It is the difference between two worlds—old-fashioned, comfortable America and modern, underprivileged Panama—that is the root of the trouble. And the 45,000 Zonians cannot be sneezed away.

The Security Council ambassadors, as well as a number of foreign ministers, met in a replica of the Security Council chamber in New York, or rather a working replica; for while the circular desk and spectators' seats and the translators' booths were a reasonable facsimile of their originals, the valiant efforts of the host country did not quite bring off the serene and weighty comfort the delegates are used to. The hastily constructed floor, for example, tended to thunder under the feet of the constantly moving messengers and secretaries in competition with the speakers' voices. In the adjoining office building, which housed the press and UN secretariat staff, elbow-to-elbow confusion and spotty air conditioning exacerbated the high pitch of nerves.

ON a weekend break, the ambassadors were taken to a resort island off the Pacific coast for a supposedly relaxing conclave, and the rest of the outsiders made for the swimming pools they could get invited to. But the chief entertainment was a boat trip on the eve of the meeting up the Canal from Panama City to the Miraflores lock, the closest one to the Pacific terminus.

The boat was a former Rhine River excursion vessel turned into a gambling ship and rechristened the *Fiesta*; its upper deck was roofed in green plastic and gave a lurid tinge to the faces of the three hundred guests crowded aboard. To the almost intolerable loudness and rhythm of two Latin orchestras, the lesser flower of the world's diplomacy and press (the ambassadors were taken by car to Miraflores under American sponsorship for briefings and a sedate buffet) cast off at a slight list. The *Fiesta* is normally a gambling ship, but the green baize tables were reserved for the captain's lunch and the rest of the company watched a group of dancing girls in the Panamanian costume of flounced hoop-skirts waving the pale blue UN flag to the happy drums and seed pods. Or else they crowded into the dining salon below decks for *arroz con pollo,* whisky, and champagne—"*boire du champagne dans ce climat, c'est dangereux,*" said a French journalist.

Shut into a pretty tight box, newly appointed U.S. Ambassador John Scali did remarkably well in his UN debut. He was at his best in his replies to the onslaughts of Cuban Foreign Minister Raul Roa, who, whatever else he is, is far from being a dumbbell. At one point he quoted St. Luke, Chapter 12, against the American position by citing a passage in which Christ talks about the "leaven of the Pharisees," i.e., hypocrisy. (How long has it been, by the way, since an anti-Communist statesman has had the courage to quote the Bible in a political speech?) Scali rose above the intended reproof with dignity and spirit. He had, moreover, to deal with General Omar Torrijos, the ruler of Panama, a truculent and neurotic character, by all accounts, who declared at the opening of the meeting that one of Washington's major ambitions was to make Panama the 51st star in the American flag. His aides, meanwhile, were distributing enameled lapel pins decorated with his portrait and featuring the legend: "On our feet or dead, but never on our knees." Slogans are very big in Panama.

We shall be hearing a great deal more about the Panama Canal. Thanks to the Security Council meeting, the Canal has become an all-Latin American issue, under the guise that the Isthmus is a "natural resource," which means that Chilean copper, Ecuadorian tuna fish, and whatnot can be raised simultaneously with it. In its way and proportion, it is a fair result, for the contrast between the life of the Canal Zone and the life of Panama City is really what debate at the United Nations—and in so much of the world—is all about these days. □

Mr. Anselm, a veteran foreign correspondent, was in Panama for the auto-da-fé.

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Victimless Crimes Revisited

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

MORE THAN a year ago I was delighted to observe that my ghost had written a column on "victimless crimes," in which he and I advocated freedom for adults when freedom works no harm on the bystanders. So persuasive, so potent, so timely, so eloquent was this article, that within a year the Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW found the very same position being advocated by his very own ghost. Could this be an idea whose time has come?

If so, then I propose that we apply the idea more generally. The articles I have mentioned were devoted to the more notorious activities of libertines: narcotics, sodomy, usury, running for public office, heigh-ho. But the whole framework of governmental regulation of the economy rests on the concept of victimless crime, doesn't it? More accurately, governmental intervention in the free market doesn't relieve the "victim." It merely substitutes one "crime" for another. Or it comes to the relief of a fictitious sufferer by visiting real hardship on real people.

Case. We used to be able to buy apples at roadside stands throughout the Northeast. Then some politician discovered a "crime" being perpetrated by the orchard operators, in that they did not provide "decent" accommodations for the apple pickers. The orchard operators were faced with the choice of investing a great deal of money in accommodations for transient crews, or going out of the apple business. It seemed economically wise for most of them to go out of business or perhaps develop their orchards as real-estate properties. It is very difficult, now, to find a good choice of apple stands along New England roadsides. The price of apples is up (i.e., a new "victim" has been brought into being: the consumer of apples). The number of going orchards is down (another new "victim" has been created: anyone who would like to have continued running his orchard at a going profit). The number of jobs available to migratory picking crews has dropped (the "victim" is the same, but he suffers from a new "crime," unemployment). The cost of public relief has risen (a new "victim" has been created: the taxpayer who supports the welfare programs). It is difficult to argue that this particular intervention has been a benefit to society as a whole. The side effects, the consequences, the true cost of such "reform," are never mentioned.

Case. Those who establish "prices" in Washington desire to protect the consumer from the "crime" of rising prices. In the container industry, the makers of boxes found their costs rising fast last year. Linerboard went up 15 per cent. The price controllers, however, won't let the box-makers raise their prices enough to offset these higher costs and permit an adequate return on capital. So, even though the demand for boxes is rising at about 17 per cent a year, the box industry is not going to add new production facilities in sufficient quantity to take care of the growing demand. The old "victim"—the purchaser of boxes—remains the same. He simply suffers from a different "crime." Instead of paying a higher price, which the government interventionists oppose, he will get fewer boxes than he wants. But, in all such cases, if the contract is struck up fairly between consenting adults, how can it be argued that a crime has been committed? Why not permit the box-buyers to buy boxes at prices that cover the costs incurred by the box-makers? And please note that the ceiling on box prices creates a new class of victim: Every manufacturer who ships his goods in boxes will now find his marketing program affected by the government-created shortage of boxes. Sooner or later every consumer in the country will bear some portion of the costs involved in this self-defeating program. Heigh-ho.

Case. Not long ago a bunch of airlines were offering discount fares to passengers on the transatlantic runs. The airlines and the passengers entered into their travel "contracts" of their own free will, and no "harm" was done to the innocent bystander. Nevertheless, the Civil Aeronautics Board held these fares were a "violation" of the Board's "regulations," and twenty (20, vingt, zwanzig, veinte, dvadtsat) agents were dispatched to Idlewild Airport to spy on the travelers and the airline ticket agents. Who was the alleged victim? How has he been relieved? Who are the new victims? The new victims are 1) travelers, who must pay higher prices; 2) airlines, which must fly with empty seats and forgo the thorough development of a mass market; 3) taxpayers in general, who must pay the salaries of the government spies. It is not only difficult, it is impossible, to argue that society as a whole has benefited from this intervention. If airlines and travelers wish to do business at certain prices, there is no crime and there are no victims.

Case. Boss Nixon's recent entry into the butcher business. He is going to set the price of beef. This may, for a minute, "relieve" the consumer who is the "victim" of higher prices. But it certainly creates new "victims" at the same time: Marginal butcher shops will go out of business; marginal feedlot operators will go under; marginal ranchers will shift to other products and operations (or sell out as a real-estate play, like the apple growers); marginal packers will get out of the controlled markets. . . . In the long run, the supply will be stifled, and the ranks of the consumer will contain a new class of "victim"—the would-be buyer of beef who can't find any beef to buy at any price. From the standpoint of the consumer, the problem has been shifted from beef-at-a-price to no-beef-at-a-price. From the standpoint of the supplier, a new problem (bankruptcy) has been created. Hard to see how this is a great leap forward.

So it goes. Every government intervention involves the kind of thinking that would punish a victimless crime. If Congress, before passing a law, would ask, "What new class of victim will this law create?" we would have fewer laws. We might even have no Congress. Whoopee! □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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Abortion at MSU

As an alumnus of Michigan State University, East Lansing, I can assure you that MSU keeps abreast of the times. Not in pure scholarship, I confess: With more than forty thousand undergraduates, Behemoth U can't bother much with higher learning. In non-intellectual services, nevertheless, MSU yields pride of place to no Ivory Tower.

When I was a member of that institution's staff, two decades gone, MSU boasted a Department of Effective Living, since swept into the limbo of lost things. Nowadays there is fair prospect of a Department of Effective Dying—otherwise called the Olin Student Health Service.

For a trustee of this great university demands that the Student Health Service commence performing abortions on girl students (provided they are 18 years old) with all deliberate speed. He says that Dr. James Feurig, Director of the Health Service, has given him his promise true that the first fetus will be slain within a few weeks. If Dr. Feurig should equivocate, the trustee is prepared to bully the other members of the board of trustees into a declared policy of feticide.

Dr. Jack Stack, a rich physician, was the leading advocate of abortion-on-demand in Michigan, before last November's popular vote on the question; he predicted that the abortionists would carry the day on November 7, 63 per cent to 37 per cent. His percentages were correct, but inverted: The pro-life people won the election by that proportion of the statewide vote.

In that same election, nevertheless, Dr. Stack was chosen by the Michigan electorate as a Republican member of MSU's board of trustees: The average voter was unaware that Stack the trustee candidate also was Stack the abortion zealot.

MSU girls ought to pay for their abortions, Stack believes, but at a lower rate than they would at the run-of-the-mill abortion mill. Contraceptives are available to them on campus; so why can't they enjoy the benefits of subsidized feticide?

Dr. Stack says it's not human life within the pregnant young woman—merely a "growth." He puts me in mind of a recent editorial in the journal of the California Medical Association. A new ethic of "relative rather than absolute and equal values" is emerging in this nation, the editors of *California Medicine* assert. "It will become necessary and acceptable to place relative rather than absolute values on such things as human lives. . . ." Meanwhile, however, the old ethic, long held, of "intrinsic and equal value for every human life" resists the progress of science and technology. This produces self-delusion or hypocrisy among many people: For undoubtedly the fetus *is* human life.

"The result has been a curious avoidance of the scientific fact, which everyone really knows, that human life begins at conception and is continuous whether intra- or extra-uterine until death.

"The very considerable semantic gymnastics which are required to rationalize abortion as anything but taking a human life would be ludicrous if they were not often put forth under socially impeccable auspices. It is suggested that this schizophrenic sort of subterfuge is necessary because while a new ethic is being accepted the old one has not yet been rejected."

So saith, pontifically, *California Medicine*. Stack the Baby-Killer is Stack the Necessary Schizophrenic. Dr. Stack is not "socially impeccable" in the circles I frequent, but he'll have to do until the real thing comes along. What do we do about beings like Jack Stack?

Defeat them at elections, yes; that will be done. But meanwhile, at Stack's back is our omniscient Burger Court. Some pro-life folk talk sincerely of persuading President Nixon to issue an "Emancipation Proclamation for the Unborn," setting aside the Supreme Court's decision in the Texas and Georgia abortion cases until a constitutional amendment may be adopted. But Mr. Nixon can do nothing of the sort. President Lincoln set free the Negroes of the slave states only after much hesitation on constitutional grounds, and only because he held virtually dictatorial powers during the war. We are not at war now; and besides, three of the four Supreme Court justices appointed by President Nixon approve of abortion-on-demand.

There remains the possibility of a constitutional amendment. That ordinarily takes a long time, and the prospect is doubtful. The proposed Prayer Amendment never has got so far as being approved by either house of Congress. Even should such an amendment be adopted, millions of unborn babies would have been slaughtered during the interval.

So do we have to permit Jack Stack and such fell spirits to thrust upon us the New Ethic, whether the public approves or not? Not really—not if people who dislike the slaughter of the innocents are willing to exert intelligent pressure upon Congress.

The remedy lies in Article III, Section 2, of the federal Constitution. By that section's provisions, Congress may restrict (or enlarge) the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court and of the inferior federal courts. Only the specified classes of the "original jurisdiction" of the Supreme Court are exempt from this authority of Congress; and abortion is not included in that original jurisdiction.

Again and again, for more than a century, Congress has so reduced the jurisdiction of the federal courts—once during the Nixon Administration. By simple majority vote of both houses, Congress could remove all questions of state abortion statutes from the federal courts' cognizance. State statutes regulating abortion then would stand—or, in the cases of Texas and Georgia, could be restored.

It's all a question of whether the present feeble Congress can be galvanized by public opinion. Meanwhile, Jack Stack and his kind deride the oath of Aesculapius. And at Behemoth U, in the forefront of progress toward the New Ethic of Death, let copulation thrive—copulation without population. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

In the Pit

I am dying in a snowstorm. Foolish twitches of the life urge; then a drowsy, lush capitulation. Six A.M. Dawn light peers nearsightedly through pillbox basement windows. I am down $300. A bloody ten-hour retreat, constant alarms: Resilience has been worn from my nerve edges. There is a crazy hymn groove-stuck someplace: "Take it to the Lord in prayer/Take it to . . ." My concentration responds in fitful ten-second efforts. These seven men are distorted, threatening: nightmare instruments, audio-animatronic torsos around the octagon table. Yet friends. I want to get up, slug my head awake. But my irresponsible left hand has tossed in another ante. The dealer lays seven, king, three, ace, jack, five, five, four. I have the second five. I thumb my two down cards: queens wired. Perspiration makes mica flashes in my palm. A pot is good for eighty, ninety dollars. I need it; I must have it.

My dictionary confides, "Gamble: to play games of chance for money." By definition poker cannot be gambling. There is as much chance in the tides off Sandy Hook. Luck comes/goes evenly. A cunning player will win more with good cards, lose less with bad. I've never yet misplayed four aces; four aces will improve my intelligence wonderfully. But to win with kings against, say, a straight . . . that's art, artful. Poker is novelistic, an act of imagination and immense perseverance. Losers aren't unfortunate—though this is a useful myth propagated by winners—losers are stupid. Or stupider. In poker, veritas. There is the quality of a man's life in his game. I know a personnel manager who hires at his poker table: After three hours he can efficiently judge discipline, aptitude, resourcefulness, self-confidence, courage.

Four men fold. I have queens, five, seven: also three clubs. The betting has been slow. Then Irving pairs aces. My queens are dead. I bite my lower lip, the spot I've been brutalizing all night. Irving is dangerous, unpredictable: rich and profligate—a bad poker player but his wildness confuses, is contagious. Tom to my right gets six with his ace, jack. He is intelligent and careful. His wife has just left him, bored to promiscuity. My card drops: a queen. Three queens. Adrenalin refurbishes my vision: I see better. The pot is mine. Big Jules, the steel worker, pairs sevens. Irving bets four. But Tom raises to eight. I am dumbfounded; my attention doubletakes. He can't have a straight yet. I try to comprehend . . . yes—he has two aces himself; he knows Irving can't improve. I see the raise. There is a faked reluctance in my hand, I'm greedy: Keep them in. Big Jules sees Tom's raise. Sevens staying against aces. Jules is tough. But I ignore the evidence. It is the grossest of errors: I've been playing only my own cards. Well, doesn't matter. One more pair and I have a lock on the hand.

It's the great American game, underground division. Hit any small suburban community at noon and you can get action before dinner: social games, games that might cost you a hundred, five hundred, several thousand. Grownups playing chickie. I know firemen who moonlight to cover their IOUs; a corporate vice president who plays with the payroll on Thursday night. One marriage jeopardized by a husband who drew too often on inside straights. There is a fine, tacit etiquette, but ruthlessness is universally respected. Thrills for men whose only excitement is running an occasional red light. And a winner seems more than a winner. Stud poker: The name is apt.

Nine: four clubs. The six-jack-ace pick up my case queen. Tom is unhappy: His fragile nostrils flare/close, inhaling anxiety. Aces up won't be enough, but he probably has a straight open at one end. Big Jules gets a deuce. Three hearts. His shirt is open: Grey hairs people his belly, clotted with sweat. He's fat, but it's a strong man's fat. Big Jules is our pusher, yet he seldom overplays his cards. Two front teeth are missing; glasses stray down his nose. I wonder how Big Jules can stand this game on his salary. Men who can't afford to lose, usually lose. You need a cash leeway. Irving looks disgruntled. He bets four. Tom stays. Time to test strength, get the chasers out. I raise: $8. Big Jules stays. Irving stays out of spite. Tom stays reluctantly. Big Jules worries me. He can't have the flush yet. Still, I'd better improve.

More than a hundred books have been written on poker. The best, the most satanic, is *Poker—a Guaranteed Income for Life* by Frank R. Wallace. On page one Wallace admits, "None of the 'Advanced Concepts of Poker' employ cheating but a few are immoral because they involve deception outside of the poker game." I'll say. Wallace is a victim farmer. He grosses (and declares on his 1040) over fifty thousand a year—by organizing games, wet-nursing suckers. He lets a man win in the $10 game; clips him when he matriculates in the $100 game. He even coddles a wife if she offers resistance. Wallace's axiom is: "In poker all opponents are potential financial assets. The good poker player first gets his opponents involved in the game; he then exploits them to win their money." It's a heinous book, but accurate. Poker can easily provide a guaranteed income.

King of clubs. I've caught a flush. Birds mention the dawn. I let out breath painfully; how long have I been holding it? I calculate. Aces are dead; queens are dead. My king-queen flush has to beat Big Jules's flush. Irving

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checks his aces. Tom picks up the check, bets ten. Good: He pulled a belly card to the straight. My meat. I raise, "Fifteen." My voice is gambler soft. Then, to the left, "I bump. Make it twenty." And Big Jules's voice is softer. I panic: There are comings and goings inside my head. A weak muscle in the left eye gives. Vision is crossed. The cards undergo mitosis: Everyone is paired, paired. Irving folds. Tom folds. I look at Big Jules's hand. Not at his face: He is the Lord Yahweh. It is forbidden to look at his face. I raise on the king-queen. Twenty-five.

BIG JULES goes to thirty. He's full. I want to cry. He saw Tom's raise with two sevens. Not hearts. He had three sevens then. And, in spendthrift despair, I raise—am raised—for the three queens I couldn't fill. It's over. He shows: three sevens over deuces.

I lean back. Snow blankets me. Big Jules is my teacher, my father. The figure that comes in bad dreams to master us. I yawn. My toes have gone to sleep. If I don't have a good night soon—I'll know . . . I'm stupid.

Stupider. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Better Mousetraps

Here are some new developments meant to improve our lifestyles that have recently come my way, and that I offer to my readers, to take or leave alone.

Super Popcorn: Ever suffered from non-popping popcorn? Cheer up—Orville Redenbacher, of Valparaiso, Indiana, has solved the problem. Who is he? He is the Gourmet Popcorn King, who sells his super popcorn at the world's highest popcorn prices. Mr. Redenbacher, a serious dignified man who looks like a preacher with his parted-in-the-middle hair and glasses, has developed in some thirty years a hybrid corn that is sure to pop—and to taste better—as well as some special processing procedures and an extremely handsome package. The cost of all of this is 69 cents for 15 ounces and 99 cents for 30 ounces of supercorn. Compare these prices to those of the corn with the temperamental popping attitudes that you are used to, and you'll see why Orville's popcorn is called the Tiffany of Popcorns.

Four million pounds of Orville's popcorn are packed annually, but this is just the beginning of the super popcorn flood that is about to crest if Orville has his way. He is now also marketing oil in which to pop his corn, packaged just as handsomely as the corn, and he has more plans along the popcorn lines.

The secret of 100 per cent pop is the right kind of corn, plus moisture-content control. On the ear, popcorn has about 18 to 19 per cent moisture content. After it is harvested, Orville's corn is stored on the ear until it reaches 15 per cent. It is then shelled, and when it reaches precisely 13.25 per cent, it's ready to be packaged.

WHEN popped, Orville's hull-free corn, increases its volume by a ratio of 44 to 1. The average popcorn pops to a ratio of about 34 to 1, or lower, and not all the kernels will pop. Those that don't are called old maids. These uncooperative kernels have been found even in Orville's corn, to his intense sorrow. He explains that they were probably pushed upward by the popping corn, away from the heat at the bottom of the popper. Don't throw them away, he says, just drop them into the next batch.

Here are his recommendations for perfect popping: 1) Use a container heavy enough to hold heat, and with a lid that will let moisture escape as the corn pops. 2) If you use a wire container over an open fire, don't hold it too close to the flame or it will scorch. Agitate the corn to facilitate popping, whether you use a basket or a skillet. 3) Put the oil in the bottom of the popper and drop in a kernel. It will pop when the temperature reaches 420 degrees. Then drop in the rest of the corn. 4) Never add salt to the oil before popping; it makes for tough popcorn.

If you still pine to know more about popcorn, the Popcorn Institute (One Illinois Center, 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60691) has some truly astounding information.

THERE ARE fashions in health problems just as there are fashions in clothes, food, and everything else. This is the year of the Cholesterol Scare, a subject on which not all doctors are agreed. But trust American ingenuity—for those scared of cholesterol as found in eggs, there is now a cholesterol-free egg substitute called Egg Beaters, produced by Fleischmann, the margarine people. It is to be found in the frozen-food department of supermarkets, packed in little cartons containing two eight-ounce packages, each equivalent to four eggs. This pasteurized, homogenized egg substitute excludes cholesterol-rich egg yolks and includes emulsifiers (vegetable lecithin, mono- and diglycerides, and propylene glycol monostearate), cellulose and xanthan gums, trisodium and triethyl citrate, artificial flavor, aluminum sulfate, iron phosphate, artificial color, thiamin, riboflavin, and vitamin D. Egg Beaters can be used for scrambling, French toast, custard, breading mixtures, and other dishes requiring mixed eggs. It is said to have as high a vitamin and mineral content as whole eggs.

I went to a breakfast where this latest wonder of the American food industry was introduced to the press and a multitude of other food people. The number of people who attended was amazing; heart disease seems to prey on everyone's mind. A large buffet sported breads made with the product, as well as French toast, scrambled eggs with peppers, so-called egg salad in tomatoes, pecan and pumpkin tarts. To my surprise, I found even the scrambled eggs palatable, and came to the conclusion that it works in well-seasoned dishes. Egg Beaters is infinitely superior to the wartime dried eggs. As for the cholesterol side of the thing, an average egg contains 275 mg. of cholesterol. An equivalent serving of Egg Beaters (a quarter cup equals one large whole egg) has less than 1 mg. of cholesterol. □

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ART

RUTH BERENSON

New Realists

To New York art lovers in the 1970s, Realism is where it's at; everything else looks old-fashioned. This was very evident in the Whitney Museum's biennial survey of American art, where the familiar Abstract Expressionists, Minimalists, and exponents of Pop seemed dull, almost dowdy despite their garish colors—while the shiny Photorealist canvases of Alfred Leslie, Gregory Gillespie, Robert Bechtle, and Neil Welliver appeared new and exciting.

A Realist revival was in the making all through the Sixties, with Fairfield Porter, Jane Wilson, Philip Pearlstein periodically greeted as its harbingers. But Photorealism's sudden emergence in the Whitney's "New Realism" show of 1970 caught most critics unprepared: Those who had cut their eyeteeth on various kinds of abstraction, or had swallowed whole the pretentious nonsense written when Pop art first made the scene, were at a loss when confronted with these huge, photographically meticulous canvases that looked like oversized picture postcards or the gasoline advertisements that used to adorn the late, lamented *Life* Magazine. The artists' boast that they did, indeed, paint over enlarged photographs annoyed the critics even more. Was this art? The fact that most Minimalist painting and sculpture is hardly describable as "hand-made" did not prevent them from decrying the New Realists' refusal to cope free-hand with the traditional problems of Realism: drawing, composition, lighting, perspective.

However, the recollection that hallowed old masters (the eighteenth-century Venetian Canaletto, for instance) had relied on the *camera oscura* to calculate their perspectives helped make New Realism respectable—to the point that people are already beginning to wonder what -ism will replace it. The undoubted hit of this year's Whitney show was Alfred Leslie's *The Killing of Frank O'Hara*, which, though probably based on a carefully posed photograph, is set on a stage-like platform, the figures carefully manipulated into a pyramidal composition. This and the deep space created through exaggerated foreshortening must result from the artist's study of Baroque, a suspicion confirmed by the way the dead body of the poet (who was run over by a beach buggy on Fire Island in 1962 and has since come to be regarded as a kind of martyr) rests on the lap of a bikini-clad woman, her face a mask of tragedy as in a *Pietà*. A few years ago, such a painting, so replete with literary and art-historical allusions, would have been dismissed as kitsch, but no longer. The same is true of the idyllic landscapes of Neil Welliver, who not only photographs his scenes but lays the color areas with stencils, and of Stephen Woodburn, whose acrylic-sprayed pictures have the *sfumato* effect of the sixteenth-century Mannerist Furini.

It is hardly surprising that genuine made-by-hand Realism, often of the slickest, is also prospering. John Koch, for example, a 63-year-old artist, has,

since the 1930s, had a quietly successful career selling his painstaking, Meissonier-like canvases to the kind of rich people who want pictures they understand, something well-painted, and don't give a damn about chic. Unquestionably, Koch is a superb technician, and through the years he's gotten his share of academic and provincial medals and prizes while being more or less overlooked by the critics. Now, suddenly, he's *in*; his full-scale retrospective at the New York Cultural Center has been thronged by the blue-jeaned young who marvel at the precision of texture, the masterful blendings of natural and artificial light in a single picture, the lucid handling of large numbers of people as in *The Cocktail Party*.

Curiously enough, sculpture, or, better, construction (there's not much genuine sculpture around these days) seems as resolutely anti-Realist as ever. The above-mentioned blue-jeaned young were attracted to the Cultural Center in the first place not by the Koch show (none had ever heard of him before) but by a simultaneous offering called "Soft as Art." This consisted in constructions of string, rope, foam rubber, vinyl, painted or tie-dyed rags suspended from ceiling or wall, pillow-like objects of indefinable shapes; there was also a gigantic three-tiered Pop-cake with icing made of lemon, pistachio, and strawberry pink satin. Much "soft" art derives from the sewn canvas telephones and typewriters, the *papier-mâché* ice-cream cones dreamed up by Claes Oldenburg in the 1960s, but the constructions of rope, string, and plastics owe their genesis to Minimalism and Robert Rauschenberg's use of "found" objects. The more immediate ancestor of many of them, however, is Eva Hesse, whose untimely death from a brain tumor in 1970 has transformed her into a kind of cult figure for the young would-be avant garde.

THE elegiac Hesse retrospective mounted by the Guggenheim Museum earlier this year has contributed heavily to this phenomenon. It was in the last five years of her short life—she was only 34 when she died—that she made her constructions of painted cord, rubber tubing, stiffened cheesecloth, rags, fiberglass, weaving or sewing them together or arranging them sometimes in patterns, sometimes in seemingly haphazard combinations. The niches that mark off the Guggenheim's spiraling ramp were admirably suited to the display of many of these works, but perhaps they endowed them with a coherency the artist herself did not achieve, possibly did not even intend. Not long before her death, she wrote that ". . . I wanted to get to non-art, non-connotive, non-anthropomorphic, non-geometric, non-nothing, everything, but of another kind, vision, sort, from a total other reference point. . . ." This kind of nihilism, akin to the drug-induced mysticism proselytized by Timothy Leary, was hailed by the critic, Robert Pincus-Witten, in his catalogue introduction as evidence that "in her last year, Eva Hesse discovered the sublime, another place and time at which the critic only guesses." Our knowledge of the art of the insane suggests rather that this poor young woman was, like them, exteriorizing her own internal chaos—but perhaps in so doing, she was also depicting that chaos that those who call our society "sick" profess to find everywhere about them. □

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BOOKS

Detroit Blues

JACK CHATFIELD

The Company and the Union
By William Serrin
Knopf, 306 pp., $7.95

Detroit symbolizes what is most hopeful and most alarming in the American dream. It is an empire of machinery, the industrial capital of the consumer republic, the birthplace of the assembly line and America's "people's car." The sitdowns and battles of the 1930s seemed to tell America that class warfare could come to the more civilized industries of the urban nation (the mines had always been a nether world, an aberration). In those days young men came to Detroit, in Murray Kempton's words, "like pretty girls to Hollywood." And as Henry Ford believed that his Model T and the five-dollar day would be the salvation of the common man, so the Reuther brothers—who came to the city not as agitators but as young men on the make—believed that the UAW and the CIO would deliver the industrial working class. Detroit, the scene of so many struggles—including two of the worst race riots of the century—has also been the home of dreams, of the millennial fantasies of the machine age.

The dream life of one generation becomes the scourge of the next, and Detroit, which once symbolized energy and upward mobility and progress (the brassy, determined young Walter Reuther who forced open the doors at Ford and became a tool- and diemaker there at age 19, resembled the young Carnegie or Cahan's David Levinsky more than Debs, Norman Thomas, or Big Bill Haywood), now is the home of the most prosperous and, some say, the most cynical workers in the Western world.

ABSENTEEISM in the auto industry, which has risen to about 8 per cent on mid-week days and 15 per cent on Mondays and Fridays, illustrates how uniquely American this dilemma really is: The workers who stay away from the plants on Mondays and Fridays, or who disappear at lunch hour with their paychecks, can *afford* to miss a day's pay. The relative wealth of the workers after a generation of UAW contracts with a tractable and innovative industry (the unlimited cost-of-living allowance was Charlie Wilson's idea, not Reuther's) has brought about a serious crisis in the auto industry.

It is the work crisis—the syndrome of employee alienation, manifested in absenteeism and actual sabotage—that *Detroit Free Press* reporter William Serrin thinks is being ignored while the titans of the auto industry—labor and management—talk of wages and welfare and productivity. Serrin has written a case study of the 1970 General Motors strike and supplied some historical background to illustrate his point.

Strikes, Serrin feels, have become largely ceremonial affairs, rich in theatricality and rhetoric, which disguise the underlying partnership between company and union—a partnership which victimizes the worker and the consumer. The company, he claims, grants the periodic union demands for more money and increased security in order to protect itself against the encroachment of the workers or management prerogatives. The union for its part talks loudly about "the dignity of work" and "conditions in the plants" but always settles for wage hikes and health and retirement benefits—things that may improve the workers' lives at home but that do not alter life in the plants. And life in the plants, Serrin believes, amid the din and the monotony, is the most important issue facing labor and management today.

Serrin was shocked by the bitterness expressed by the dozens of assembly-line workers he interviewed during the past few years. A UAW official told him, speaking of the assembly line:

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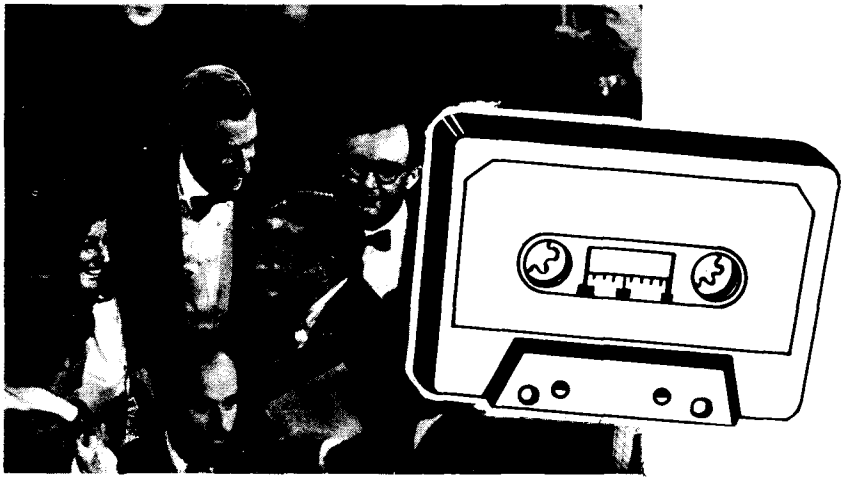

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUNE BOOKS: Gary Hart reviews the McGovern debacle from the inside, and *Right from the Start* (Quadrangle, $7.95). . . . David Daiches limns *The Last Stuart: The Life and Times of Bonnie Prince Charlie* for Putnam ($10). From the same publisher, the first collection of Nelson Algren's short fiction, *The Last Carousel* ($7.95). . . . *"The World" and the Twenties* is a collection from New York's most colorful newspaper of the era (Dial, $10). . . . Michael Korda bidding to become sexism's Uncle Tom with *Male Chauvinism!* (Random, $6.95). . . . *Rembrandt's Hat* is a gathering of Malamud short stories (Farrar, $6.95). . . . *G. K. Chesterton* is a biography by Dudley Barker (Stein & Day, $8.95).

Three new Robert Lowell poetry collections from Farrar: *History* ($7.95), *For Harriet and Lizzie* ($5.95), and *The Dolphin* ($5.95). . . . Three from Viking: *The Soviet Cage* is a study of antisemitism in Russia by William Korey ($12.50); *Facing the Lions* is a Tom Wicker novel about a Washington newspaper bigwig; Avrahm Yarmolinsky collects *500 Letters of Anton Chekhov* ($15). . . . *Ralph McGill, Reporter* is a life by Harold H. Martin (Atlantic, $10.95). . . . Robin (*Green Berets*) Moore now out with a crime novel, *The Fifth Estate* (Doubleday, $7.95). . . . *The Fourth Year of the Nixon Watch* has now become an annual from *New Republic*'s John Osborne (Liveright, $6.95). . . . *Hess* is portrayed by Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel (Drake, $6.95). . . . Harry Golden's *Our Southern Landsman* is a survey of important Jews beneath the Mason-Dixon line (Putnam, $7.95).

Target Blue is an inside look at New York cops by their former pr man, Robert Daley (Delacorte, $8.95). . . . Julio Alvarez del Vayom, Foreign Minister for the Spanish Republic, sighs for the good old days when it was open season on priests and nuns in *Give Me Combat* (Little, Brown, $8.95). . . . Son Vittorio writes about *Mussolini: The Tragic Women in His Life* for Dial ($6.95).

■ SPORT BOOKS: *I Managed Good—But, Boy, Did They Play Bad* is a gallery of baseball managers etched, probably with acid, by Jim Bouton with Neil Offen (Playboy, June, $7.95). . . . Jack Drees and James Mullen track down yesterday's stars in *Where Is He Now?* (Jonathan David, June). . . . Ex-*Look* sports editor Tim Cohane recalls, with pictures, when college ball was king in *Great College Football Coaches of the Twenties and Thirties*; foreword by Bud Wilkinson (Arlington, August, $11.95). . . . It's become a popular and sometimes lucrative hobby, so now Brendan Boyd and Fred Harris have put together an illustrated volume called *The Great American Baseball Card Flipping, Trading and Bubblegum Book* (Little, Brown, August, $7.95).

"It's a beast. It's an ugly, ugly beast." More than one worker said that he was working for nothing more than a paycheck and early retirement. It is significant that one of the union's uncompromisable demands during the 1970 strike was one that had arisen with the rank and file and was adopted by the leadership—the "thirty and out" plan for retirement after thirty years with a full pension.

THE BATTLE that the UAW has fought for the last generation has been for welfare and wages—what other writers have called corporate socialism. It is a battle that has been largely won. Under Reuther, who Serrin thinks was a vainglorious leader who "considered every contract magnificent, each one a milestone in labor negotiations," the union got a guaranteed annual wage (thousands of workers used to be laid off during the retooling for yearly model changes), unlimited cost-of-living increases, company-funded health and medical insurance, and decent paychecks for every grade of worker. Under Leonard Woodcock (who handled the 1970 negotiations after Reuther's death in an air crash that summer) the union has continued to make material gains—a return to unlimited cost-of-living (which the union had surrendered), a substantial pay increase, and the "thirty and out" retirement plan. But what was forgotten in 1970, according to Serrin, and what has been forgotten in every contract negotiation since union-management relationships were regularized under Reuther after the Second World War, is the pressing issue of conditions in the plants.

What is to be done? Serrin believes that the answer lies in worker participation in decisions that directly or indirectly determine working conditions. Employees should form councils in each plant and should be represented on boards of directors. Beyond this, Serrin is exasperatingly vague, reflecting the confusion and uncertainty that have characterized recent discussion of work and its discontents.

Serrin quotes sociologists whose proposals range from more automation ("no human being should be required to do that kind of work") to decentralization ("we may have to abandon some of the efficiencies of assembly-line production and go back to small factories where people work as a congenial group"). He quotes with approval a Yale psychologist who is the embodiment of the sort of fuzziness that afflicts intellectuals trying to deal with issues outside the range of their experience: Jobs cannot be made "totally attractive" but they can be made "attractive enough so that the worker has the chance to experience some meaning and fullness, some growth in his life, a chance to grow."

This hash of quotes and counterquotes leaves all the essential questions unanswered. When does automation make work "easier" and when does it increase tedium? How would you implement decentralization of industry in urban America? Which job performed in which manner will allow a worker to experience "meaning," "fullness," and "growth"? Does a man derive "meaning" from doing something well, or working with others, or changing jobs every month, or going on vacation, or telling others what to do?

When a group of sociologists studied workers in the Hawthorne, Illinois plant of Westinghouse Electric over thirty years ago they discovered that productivity was rising during their study, but they could not establish that fatigue or lighting or the menstrual cycle or humidity or wage incentives or intelligence had a significant effect on productivity. "Then," in the words of sociologist Daniel Bell, "it became clear that the workers were responding, not to any of the psychological or physical variables, but to the interest and attention centered on them. The experiment itself, not any outside factor, was the missing link, the unknown determinant."

The lesson here is clear though its application is complicated. A worker with a sense of his importance, of the meaning of his work (though that meaning be a limited one), is more likely to be a diligent and efficient worker. Since this is what business wants, it would probably pay in the long run if companies like Ford and General Motors tried

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converting whole plants to the team-assembly plan (as Saab has done in Sweden) and evaluated the results. The way men and women feel about their work is of course one of the results that should be measured. In a peacetime society as rich as ours—we are, after all, talking about automobiles, not fighter planes—even if productivity must be sacrificed a bit to create a more humane working environment, then this may be a price that our prosperous society will be willing to pay. □

The Shock of the New
By Ian Dunlop
American Heritage, 267 pp., $14.95
The Aesthetics of Freud, A Study in Psychoanalysis and Art
By Jack J. Spector
Praeger, 242 pp., $8.95

THE CONSEQUENCES OF CULTURE

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

No one who recalls the Kennedy era with precision will forget the desperate efforts of the New Frontiersmen to make the muses at home in Foggy Bottom. Robert Frost recited a poem at the Inauguration, the *Mona Lisa* came for a brief visit, and Jackie spoke a few words of pidgin French to André Malraux. It seemed that an Augustan age was dawning and that Camelot and culture were coterminous. Of that happy dream, culture is all that is left.

Liberals have always sensed, as conservatives have not, the essential connection between culture and politics. When aristocratic and ecclesiastical patronage ceased to be the chief support of the arts the overt links connecting art and society seemed to have been broken. In fact, those links were not broken, and middle-class patrons and the bourgeois state found themselves patronizing the rhetoric and the forms of radicalism.

The development of art in the past century in the Western world cannot be understood by anyone who refuses to accept the close link between culture and politics. It is for this reason that Ian Dunlop's *The Shock of the New* is an incompletely successful discussion of those great art exhibitions of the past century that reshaped the tastes and the aesthetic values of our culture. From the Salon des Refusés in 1863 through the Salon d'Automne of 1905 and the New York Armory Show of 1913 to the Nazi show of "Degenerate Art" in 1937 and the International Surrealist Exhibition of 1938 the links between radical thought and revolutionary politics are clearly visible. Dunlop raises the issue of the revolutionary character of post-Impressionist art but never satisfactorily explains the threat that this new art posed not only to received aesthetic values but to the shape of things as they were.

T. S. Eliot remarks in his essay on "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" that "few things that can happen to a nation are more important than the invention of a new form of verse." No doubt he was echoing Plato and paraphrasing Shelley who thought poets to be the unacknowledged legislators of the world. The unoriginality of the observation adds weight to its claim to veracity. The poets and painters who invented the "modern" thought they were making a revolution. Their audiences and their societies agreed with them and saw in them the heralds of a new age. Dunlop's book is merely interesting rather than profound because while he has satisfactorily explored the formal aesthetic qualities of the "modern," he has failed to explore its ontology and its sociology.

Curiously, not every radical style or method drives society in a leftward direction even though society often believes this to be the case. German Expressionism as a literary and artistic movement pointed unmistakably in the direction of the right. Gottfried Benn, German Expressionism's most gifted poet, joined the Nazi Party and saw in it the fulfillment of his poet's dream. Emil Nolde, German Expressionism's greatest painter, likewise was an enthusiastic Nazi and could not understand how his work came to be included in the exhibition of "degenerate art" held in Munich in 1938. The political orientation of Pound, Eliot, Campbell, and D. H. Lawrence is too well known to deserve comment. Indeed, it has been plausibly argued that "modernity" in the arts and literature was either created by or funneled directly into the political Right. It was revolutionary in the sense that it too struck at bourgeois society.

UNFORTUNATELY, the mass political movements on the right rarely recognized this identity of art and politics. The work of Sigmund Freud is a case in point. However radical Freud's insights and methods, his completed system drove ineluctably toward social, political, and cultural conservatism. That much is clear from Jack J. Spector's *The Aesthetics of Freud, A Study in Psychoanalysis and Art.* It is an essential book, marred only by the author's compulsion to embark upon fanciful "psychoanalytic" interpretations. (The footprints leading away from these interpretative crimes are the crippled footprints of Oedipus.) Spector is uncomfortably aware that Freud was an instinctive "man of the Right" as Whittaker Chambers called himself. Spector points out, moreover, that the efforts of Fromm, Marcuse, and Brown to reconcile Marx and Freud are incompatible with Freud's insights.

If so much of the "modern" is Right how does it happen that conservatives have either blissfully ignored it or savagely attacked it? How does it happen that "modernity" has been persistently identified with the Left and even now finds its chief exponents among the thinning ranks of the liberals? How has it happened that the Left has baptized Freud even as St. Thomas baptized Aristotle while on the right Freud is repudiated as a corrupter of bourgeois order?

Conservatives have traditionally disguised their anticultural biases and their populist anti-intellectualism as an evidence of their realism, their down-to-earth pragmatism, and their no-nonsense attitudes. Theirs is a dangerous self-deception. They may very well win every economic, technical, and organizational battle and still be defeated in the ideological conflict quite simply because that battle is not about economics or techniques but rather about what has come to be called "culture."

Henry Ford, in a legal battle he waged in 1919 against the *Chicago Tribune*, testified in court, "History is more or less bunk. It is a tradition. We want to live in the present, and the only

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history that is worth a tinker's dam is the history we make today." (It is ironically appropriate that the Ford Foundation applies Henry's accumulated billions to funding projects Ford would have thought subversive "bunk.")

Perhaps making automobiles leads to a narrowing of the cultural vision, for Charles Wilson, GM executive and Secretary of Defense in the Eisenhower Cabinet, dismissed pure science by arguing that the Department of Defense ought not to be concerned with "what makes the grass green and fried potatoes brown." And yet when the political potatoes turn brown and the country "greens" out of season there are cries of agonized incomprehension from these self-styled "realists."

Whittaker Chambers in *Witness* and *Cold Friday* was very little interested in economics, or weapons development, or the nitty-gritty of the farm program. He was interested in culture because he realized that men take their values and their political ideals from such odd places as *Bambi* and the shopwindows of Fifth Avenue. He knew that the ultimate battle for human dignity would be won or lost not by statisticians and economists and not in countinghouses and government bureaus but by artists and writers and in theaters, shopwindows, advertising displays, publishing houses, TV specials, and gallery exhibitions. □

The Primal Screen
By Andrew Sarris
Simon & Schuster, 337 pp., $9.95

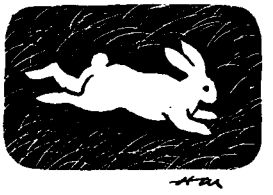
IT'S ONLY A MOVIE, INGRID

PATRICIA S. COYNE

Many of America's misfit kids, it seems, huddled in movie houses all through the Thirties and Forties, totally immersed in a Hollywood world where they were no longer the weakest or the most unpopular kids on the block. And although they grew, as so often happens, to become the country's intellectual pacesetters, they never forgot how great mother movie had comforted them, and they continued to love her. But there came a day when they had to reconcile that love with their intellectual credentials. And on that day the American movie became an art form, and books like *The Primal Screen* became possible.

Andrew Sarris is a professor at Columbia, a critic for the *Village Voice*, and he knows his movies. He's very good with the movies he doesn't like, but much less adept with those he enjoys, to which he applies the new if-I-enjoyed-it-it-must-be-art technique of criticism.

This is understandable in a serious academic, of course, for if the things aren't art at all, then he has no business lurking inside dark theaters. But unfortunately for the reader, this often desperate search for art leads to the juxtaposition of sentences like this—"This too is *mise en scène*, a delirious subjectivity at work in an objective art form, the recognition of human purpose through the operation of a machine"—with this—"On the other hand, *The Bride of Frankenstein* and *The Son of Frankenstein* are more spell-binding than *Frankenstein* itself."



The basic mystique underlying all this is what Sarris calls the "*auteur* theory," according to which a film is properly viewed as a creation of its director. In one essay, for instance, Sarris calls *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* "one of the enduring masterpieces of the cinema . . ." It represents, lectures Sarris, "John Ford's confrontation of the past—personal, professional, and historical . . . the individual films of John Ford are inextricably linked in an awesome network of meanings and associations. . . . The vital thrust of Ford's actors within the classic frames of his functional montage suggests that life need not be devoid of form and that form need not be gained at the expense of spontaneity."

Well, now. I saw the movie, about ten years ago. John Wayne, Jimmy Stewart. Lee Marvin, Vera Miles. And I remember that I enjoyed it—a solid B+ Western. And had I known that some New York college professor was looking at the same movie and seeing it as a sort of Michelangelo-Homer collaboration, I would have been . . . well . . . startled.

I might, of course, had I known, looked more closely at the things the professor was admiring and I might have begun to understand why he was admiring them. I might have. On the other hand . . .

At one point Sarris quotes Alfred Hitchcock, whose demands had caused a bright young star to break into tears of frustration. Hitchcock's response, I think, pretty well sums it up. Said Hitchcock comfortingly: "It's only a movie, Ingrid." □

Crimsoned Prairie. The Wars between the United States and the Plains Indians during the Winning of the West
By S. L. A. Marshall
Scribner's, 256 pp. $8.95

THE CLEAR VISION OF "IRON EYES"

JOHN GREENWAY

It is a pity that General Marshall chose to write this book. Certainly he had time during his years of precedent research to think upon the futility of the effort. From his first published analyses half a century ago of other wars and other battles to his devastating review of Lt. Col. Herbert's travesty *Soldier* in the March 16, 1973 issue of *NR*, Slam Marshall has rarely slipped away from jewel-hard wisdom in his ferocious prosecution of squit, bumph, and willful prevarication in military writing. Through more than thirty books and innumerable ephemeral writings he has delighted us in his function as a logistic Rooster Cogburn, right down to the black eye patch. But we must grieve now to see him publish an inexcusably good and truthful book on a subject wherein nearly the whole of American readers daily proclaim their insistence on receiving only palpable nonsense.

Of course *Crimsoned Prairie* will not be indicted by the captive press that praised rubbish like *Custer Died for Your Sins* and *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*; it will simply be ignored, like other books inconvenient to the American entropic soul. Reviewers who escalated Dee Brown's mischief into the stimulus for this spring's Indian insurrection at Wounded Knee will not find enough weakness in Marshall's scholarship to sustain as

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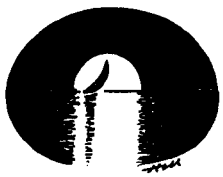
much as one critical paragraph. They must play the smiler with the knife under his cloak.

So also with the scholars; it will not be admitted to anthropological bibliographies, though its introductory chapter is quite the best summary of Plains Indian culture ever offered in a trade book. It is the product of nearly unprecedented research on the sporadic war between white man and red. Marshall began reading for this work before many of the noisiest Indian militants—like Vine Deloria—were born. He has the authority of a career military man, participating in every American action since World War I, rising from buck private to brigadier general, receiving exceptional commendations along the way. He was Chief Historian of the European Theater of Operations in World War II. And perhaps most importantly for the book at hand, he once served with the Seventh Cavalry, which in an earlier generation died with Custer on the Field of the Greasy Grass.

NEVERTHELESS, his heritage lies more with the Indians than with their enemies. A book's dedication always discloses its author's sympathies, and this study is offered to the spirit of Marshall's Revolutionary War ancestress, a Lenni Lenape squaw. His partiality was continued to his maternal grandfather, servant to the Indians, whose body was permitted by the tribesmen to be buried among them. Marshall himself was adopted by the most persistently ferocious of the cavalry's enemies, the Sioux, who appropriately named him "Iron Eyes."



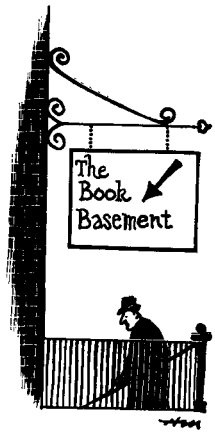
Neither of these emotional ties affects Marshall's determination to adhere to the truth in the tragedy of an unavoidable conflict. His blood obviously roils still to Custer's marching tune "Garry-owen," but it does not hinder him from concluding that Custer's behavior was that of a man who carefully planned a "memorable catastrophe," like that contrived by the Army at St. Côme-du-Mont in Normandy after D-Day.

Incidentally, historical parallels between the idiocy of some field leaders in later wars with that demonstrated on the Plains are not the least of this book's many values; time and again Marshall follows his analysis of a successful Indian ambush with its repetition upon American troops in Europe, the Pacific, Korea, and Vietnam. For this alone *Crimsoned Prairie* can be recommended as a textbook to young officers who will lead American men into whatever future actions the disintegrating national character may summon up enough courage to undertake. The tradition we cherish of suckling the young on ignorance makes contented civilians—and dead soldiers.

Unlike the rest of us who have gone into print on the Indian wars with only the foundation of library research, Marshall tested the statements of contemporary witnesses against the topography of the actual battlefields, setting his feet upon the bloody ground. One wonders why so simple a check of testimonial veracity was not used by thousands of commentators in the last century, for the evidence of the eye gives the lie to witnesses still revered, white man and Indian alike. What Marshall found at the end of his work as the almost universal Least Common Denominator shared by braggarts of victories and confessors of defeats is foolishness. "While there are definite limits to human wisdom," he says, "there is none to human stupidity." The cavalry often chose to send as vanguards to battle brass bands instead of scouts; the Indians chose to the end to fight soldiers instead of the locomotives that finally destroyed them. And both sides let the slightest friction escalate into no-quarter battle (the most serious of all battles on the Plains before the Civil War was precipitated by a dispute over whether a lame and abandoned cow was worth 10 or 25 dollars).

In the end it was all the same: an irrepressible conflict between wastrels of a rich land and the swarms of farmers upon whom every civilization has been built, but whose way into the wilderness had to be cleared by fighting men. The tragedy was overwhelmingly Indian, no doubt of it; but there was tragedy enough for the cavalry too.

History has dealt badly with the horse soldiers. Colonel Chivington is condemned because he won too big at Sand Creek; General Custer is rubbished because he lost too big at the Little Big Horn. In both cases the civilians entered the conflict only to damn their protectors while they fought, and to hate them after they insured peace. So Vietnam. As Marshall says, an army must nevertheless preserve tradition and keep the trust when it is not loved. Colonel Henry, dying with a Sioux bullet in his head near Wounded Knee, turned aside the sympathy of his comrades—"It is nothing; for this are we soldiers." And for this also are there honest writers. □



Jack Chatfield *teaches at Watkinson School in Hartford, Connecticut.* . . . **Stephen J. Tonsor** *is currently at the Hoover Institution, Stanford.* . . . **John Greenway** *teaches at the University of Colorado.* . . . **George E. Herman** *is the moderator of the CBS news show* Face the Nation.

FICTION

The World of Apples
By John Cheever
Knopf, 174 pp., $5.95

CHEEVER UNDERACHIEVING

RONALD DE FEO

The more professional a writer, the more we tend to expect from him. So it is with John Cheever. For years he has been writing effortlessly, with style and wit, brilliantly rendering his particular milieu (the world of the desperate suburbanite, commuter, and tourist). Therefore, when he produces a new book we hope for more than just a repeat performance—we wish to see signs of growth.

In this new volume of short stories no real advances have been made over the previous collection, *The Brigadier and the Golf Widow*, published nine years ago. In fact, next to that energetic and memorable book, *The World of Apples* seems rather tired. There are, to be sure, some very nice pieces in it,

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and almost all of them are entertaining, but for Cheever enthusiasts (and I count myself as one) the collection will prove disappointing.

"Artemis, the Honest Well Digger," for example, the longest story, focusing on a cloddish, rootless well driller whose life is marked by one frustration after another, is much too long. The comic bits are strained and labored, the sex scenes are surprisingly (for Cheever) explicit, clumsy, and gross, and Artemis' eventual trip to Russia makes little sense. Here Cheever is trying to abandon native ground and create a comic drifter and misfit, but Artemis is so thin and limited we care little about him or his wanderings.

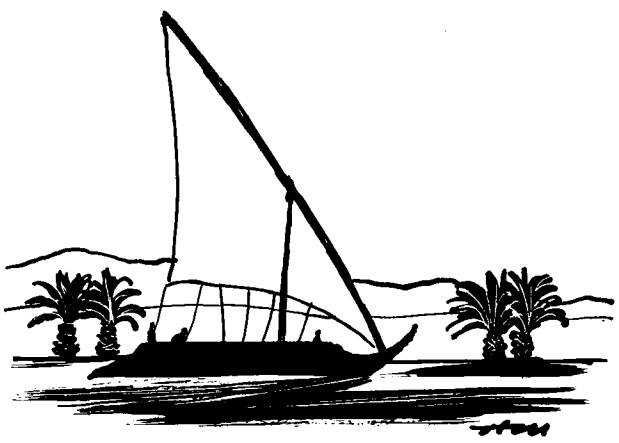
ANOTHER atypical Cheever character, though a more successful creation, is Asa Bascomb, the old rustic poet of the title story, who, in the golden period of his life, is suddenly obsessed with pornography and obscenity—trying, it seems, to abandon his characteristic decency and enthusiastically welcome moral and spiritual deterioration. The course of the obsession is nicely traced, but the protagonist fails to entirely engage us, and the story's resolution is a bit too hurried and pat.

Many of Cheever's stories have explored odd and fascinating little situations (a man decides to swim cross country, from one backyard swimming pool to another; a man and a number of his acquaintances suffer from slightly debilitating phobias), but the situations in this collection aren't terribly inspired. In "The Chimera" an unhappy husband (an all too usual central player) creates an imaginary companion—shades of *Harvey*, though far less innocent and cute: A voluptuous mistress has replaced the big rabbit. A brief and essentially one-joke tale is narrated by a man's stomach. In a brief sketch, an airline passenger repeatedly tries to communicate with the strangely disinterested and rude woman sitting beside him—she is, we learn at the conclusion, his wife. "The Fourth Alarm" focuses on a man whose once straitlaced wife now plans to appear nude on stage. (The situation seems like a variation on and an extension of the episode in *Bullet Park* when the noble homemaker, Nellie Nailles, witnesses and is taken by a nude performance.)

Both "The Jewels of the Cabots" and "Percy," which are, I feel, the most successful stories in the book, deal with men who are touched by other lives. The narrator of "Jewels" longs for purity and peace. He, his family, the community in general, would like to sweep sordidness and tragedy under a rug, but in the quietly eccentric and insane world they inhabit (a number of mad neighbors are locked in attics, and at least one has committed suicide) such a task is difficult. He is haunted by the ridiculously tragic Cabots—the grotesque midget who answers their front door, the daughter who makes off with the family jewels, the mother who commits murder.

In "Percy" the narrator relates the sad history of a relative and her family. At one point, he cites a letter written by Aunt Percy in which she despairs over her son abandoning a career as a concert pianist to marry a shallow, sweet young thing with beautiful golden locks. "Here," she laments, "was a great musical career ruined by a head of hair."

Though these two stories and "The Geometry of Love" are good and have some fine comic moments and observations, they don't have much bite. That can also be said of all the other tales. Cheever has always been a writer more capable of detailing surfaces than exploring depths. But in his best works the sharpness of detail and the engaging narrative voice gave those works a certain degree of resonance and intensity. In *The World of Apples* we see a writer who is so confident in his abilities that he has grown too casual. *Bullet Park*, an excellent, wonderfully funny, and grossly underrated novel, promised a more adventurous Cheever. The writer with the keen eye, the grace and wit we've enjoyed over the years was in evidence, but also in evidence was a somewhat different, revitalized author, condensing and refining more, striking a more modern chord. I hope we will hear from that Cheever again soon. □



News from Nowhere
By Edward Jay Epstein
Random House, 237 pp., $7.95

ONLY ANATOMY

GEORGE E. HERMAN

A writer reviewing a book about a field in which he considers himself an uncommon expert is subject to great temptation. His first instinct is to write a review telling you about the book he would have written himself, the book the author in question obviously should have written but, unaccountably, didn't. After 31 years in broadcast news I feel some sense of expertise in the field chosen by Edward Jay Epstein in his latest book. I have also learned some self-discipline, so I shall at least start with Epstein's book.

Epstein is an intelligent, hard-working, and entirely necessary investigative reporter. He looks into things that badly need looking into, and usually don't get looked into. He persists until he has the facts nailed down and the widely accepted myths demolished. Now he has turned his talent loose on those of us in the television news business.

His book's title is a misnomer. Epstein sets out to tell us in exhaustive detail precisely where the news does come from. His starting hypothesis turns out to be, not surprisingly, his final conclusion: A great deal of the content of TV news is determined by the eternal forms of the TV business, the organizational nature and demands of television networks and other large corporations, the legal, financial, and structural problems of the industry. In short, he argues the doctrine that form goes a long way toward dictating content.

Along the way Epstein's book gives us, first of all, an abiding sympathy for those college professors condemned to read doctoral dissertations. This is an

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expanded doctoral dissertation, an art the form of which dictates much of its content. The points made tend to be mechanistic rather than humanistic: They are, therefore, easier to establish, isolate, measure, and prove. All these are buttressed with endless and unrelenting quotes from what academicians call "the literature." Things which can be measured and counted are all (with one crucial exception to be discussed later) measured and counted. Everything is reduced to cold, hard, scientific fact rather than the loose, subjective impressions of most art critiques.

Epstein never says "I think . . ." or "I sensed . . ." Everything is neatly and skillfully dissected and laid out for our examination. It is like an exercise in plane geometry. And a great deal is discovered.

THERE IS a thoughtful chapter on the problems of cameras and camera crews, where it is profitable to station them and how they can profitably be used. The techniques and problems of using film in the news business are examined and properly fitted into the picture. The subtle and delicate problem of relations between the network and the independent affiliated stations that carry the network product is analyzed, as is the nature of producers, cameramen, reporters, and officials.

There is a fascinating study of the beliefs and political feelings of network television correspondents that will surprise many people, possibly including Vice President Agnew. Epstein finds them not liberal, but clearly middle-American in geographical origin and outlook. He finds their output carefully neutral in tone except for a general suspicion of all politicians of whatever stripe. He examines and factually refutes contentions that network news was biased against President Nixon in the last election. His book is, over all, an excellent study of the craft in which I work. I learned a few things from it. Why then do I find myself so dissatisfied with it?

First of all, like most doctoral dissertations, even when expanded for popular publication, there is almost no feeling of life in it—no whiff of Epstein, no whiff of living breathing persons fighting the exhausting exhilarating, infuriating deadlines of daily news broadcasts. An exercise in plane geometry can be useful, elegant, even brilliant. It can be important to man's knowledge of the universe. But it tells you little about people and how they work together, fight for what they think is right, win a little, lose a little, and prepare for the next argument at evening news time.

Far more important, there is that major exception to the things measured and counted in Epstein's dissertation. If he is correct in saying that the unique nature of television networks and of their news organizations, the unique demands of station relations, camera problems, producer hierarchies, and so on, determines to a considerable extent the final product that appears on the air each evening, then it should follow that TV puts out quite a different output of news stories, night after night, than other news media that have different demands, hierarchies, and problems. That, it seems to me, should be the real proof of the pudding. If TV's news output is roughly similar to, say, that of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Baltimore Sun*, or weekly magazines like *Time* and *Newsweek*—to any general news organ of another medium—then Epstein's argument fails. But this book does not deal with this kind of crucial comparison. Epstein shows why TV news *ought* to be different. He does not show that it is. I don't know whether it is or not. My hunch is that the output of network television news is not very dissimilar from the content of the major dailies in lead stories, stories covered, and features.

Some of Epstein's arguments are extreme. To indicate, as he does, that network newsmen treat the President with dignity and respect largely because they would otherwise have trouble with affiliate stations simply won't wash. I have been White House Correspondent for CBS News under two Presidents and have occasionally covered the White House under another two. And I have yet to see any newsman for any medium who did not feel sincere respect for the office and for the man occupying it.

Epstein may understand the nuts and bolts of television news better than many television newsmen. But he doesn't know the people. Television news, cheek-by-jowl with show biz, depends very heavily on people and interpersonal relationships in shaping the day-to-day flow of the news.

Piece by piece Epstein has examined the internal structure of TV news and how each piece can affect the on-the-air product. So far so good. But when he puts it all together, it sure doesn't look like CBS News to me. Or NBC or ABC. Just doesn't feel right. Gray's Anatomy tells you a lot about the body but it never pretends to capture Man. Epstein has most of the pieces precisely right, but it all doesn't quite add up to the network TV news I know. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE RISE OF RADICALISM, *The Social Psychology of Messianic Extremism, by Eugene V. Methvin (Arlington, 584 pp., $11.95).* This is a most useful history of radicalism from Rousseau to the New Left. Well researched and highly readable, it should supersede the many works extant on the subject. Radicalism involves, in addition to organization and communications, a perverted system of "idealism gone wild," an uncomfortable social position, high intelligence frustrated by inadequate education, and a personality structure characterized by hate and rage. The main common symptom is what Methvin calls "antinomianism—denial of all rules and norms." During the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries rebellious *frondeurs* recruited their "masses" among vagabonds, deserters, convicts, beggars, pimps, escaped serfs, illegitimate juveniles, and criminals. These *déclassés* formed a class *sui generis*, so to speak. Perennial opponents of the established order, they were segregated in city casbahs and remained beyond effective police control. By contrast, Methvin shows, New Leftists tend to hail from high-income families. Nevertheless, Methvin argues, "The psychodynamics of the messianic utopian tyrannists appear to be remarkably constant." S. T. POSSONY

ESCAPE FROM SONORA, *by Will Bryant (Random House, 307 pp., $5.95).* For the first two-thirds of this unique novel we follow four freight-hopping hobos from California through Arizona and down into Mexico. It's 1916, and Black Jack Pershing is mopping up the remnants of Pancho Villa's armies. One of these, the Gringo Legion, captures the hobos. They

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escape, pick up a couple of extra hands, and in the last third of the book they careen through the Sierra Madre in a 1907 touring car, pursued by Villa's men on horseback. The chase lasts just a bit too long, it's a touch too implausible, and there's a hint that the author is yearning toward Hollywood—you can almost hear that twangy Bonnie and Clyde background music. But there's a sufficiently satisfying ending, and Bryant draws with precision the details of hobo life and the period in which his story is set. And beneath it all lies a contagious fascination with the Southwest. The dustjacket tells us that Bryant, the son of an Arizona pioneer family, now lives in upstate New York. But his heart, quite obviously, has remained out there west of the Rockies.

J. R. COYNE JR.

SAMUEL JOHNSON: *His Friends and Enemies, by Peter Quennell (American Heritage, 272 pp., $12.95).* One expects lively, knowledgeable writing on literary and social themes from Peter Quennell, and one is seldom disappointed. From Pope to Byron, he has limned some of the most complex, intriguing English men of letters with easy grace and thorough scholarship. This engaging study of Samuel Johnson and his circle is up to Mr. Quennell's usual high standard, pleasant as well as informative. The author has captured the quirks, the courage, and the general flavor of the learned rhinoceros as have few other biographers, and he has also created a plausible gallery of the "Great Cham's" most celebrated friends and foes, from Mrs. Thrale to David Hume. The characters and their era are masterfully evoked in this attractive, heavily illustrated volume which avoids most of the shallow, highly partisan views of Johnson and gives us a deep, believable portrait of a man who was as brilliant as he was odd, and who dragged a misshapen body and a tortured soul through life with a bravery and basic decency that have too often gone unremarked by authors diverted by the good Doctor's more frivolous traits.

A. BAKSHIAN JR.

JEWS IN THE SOUTH, *edited by Leonard Dinnerstein and Mary Dale Pallson (Louisiana, 392 pp., $12.50).* David Levy Yulee of Florida was not only his state's first U.S. senator, he was also the first representative of the Jewish faith to serve in that august body. Antebellum South Carolina elevated Franklin Moses to the bench as Chief Justice; while the brilliant Judah P. Benjamin was the first Jew to be offered the post of Associate Justice on the Supreme Court (by Franklin Pierce), a position he declined the better to serve the Confederate cause which saw him, in time, as both Secretary of War and Secretary of State in the cabinet of Jefferson Davis. These (and other) facts are retold here almost as if they were new. Students of the region have long been familiar with the data, while the reader who comes upon this information with startled surprise that it was not the North that responded with so much ethnic generosity will not be too much enlightened by the assertion—from what I consider a tainted source—that "Jewish politicians served as Southerners first, and as American citizens second." The truth is that Jews—North and South—served their country pretty much as regional consensus demanded. But the most egregious foray into class-angled scholarship is provided by co-editor Dinnerstein's apologia for the Old Populism (in anticipation of the New?), going so far as to say about Tom Watson of Georgia that he never "engaged in any antisemitic diatribes during his Populist heyday." How long that "heyday" lasted is not important. What is significant is that in his essay on the Leo Frank case—"A Dreyfus Affair in Georgia"—he never once quotes from *The Jeffersonian*, Watson's weekly which never ceased its defamations, referring to Frank (hanged by a lynch mob) as "a filthy, perverted Jew from New York." Finally, anthologies are no better than their contributors. The first section, "Jewish Life in the Antebellum and Confederate South," has considerable merit, especially noteworthy being the late Dr. Benjamin Kaplan's contribution on Judah Benjamin. The middle section suffers from too much Dinnerstein; while the last section, "Jews and Desegregation" is hot sociology trying to pass as cool history.

M. GELTMAN

WHITE EAGLE, RED STAR, *by Norman Davies (St. Martin's, 318 pp., $10).* Norman Davies has provided us with an excellent account of a hitherto neglected historical event, the Polish-Soviet War of 1919-1920. It was, as Pilsudski put it, "a bizarre concourse of circumstances strewn with crass errors . . . an unreal war, a half-war, a quarter-war even, a sort of childish tussle, a brawl from which grand military theory was contemptuously excluded . . . a brawl, nonetheless, which launched the destinies of two states and of 150 million people and which all but shook the fate of the entire world." Lord D'Abernon, who compared Pilsudski's victory over the Red Army at the Battle of Warsaw to Charles Martel's defeat of the Saracen at the Battle of Tours (in that it arrested the advance of Bolshevism), called the Polish-Soviet War "the 18th most decisive battle of world history." On the one side was the Red Army, bent on carrying the Bolshevik Revolution to the whole of Europe; opposed to them was the army of the infant Polish Republic, democratic, intensely religious, fanatically patriotic, but lacking in organization. Lenin believed that his Revolution would perish without Poland, and he saw Pilsudski and his army as the heirs to the Polish legions who had conquered Moscow in 1611, and ruled Kiev until 1662. As a result of Poland's victory the Soviet Union abandoned the idea of world revolution in favor of the "socialism in one country" doctrine that marked the Stalinist era. Poland lapsed into a period of over-confidence that was punctuated in 1939 by defeat at the hands of Germany. Ironically, Charles de Gaulle, who distinguished himself in the Polish-Soviet War, and Weadyseaw Sikorski developed their theories on tank mobility during the war—theories that were to be used against both France and Poland in 1939.

P. P. WITONSKI

EXECUTIVE ORDER 9066: *The Internment of 110,000 Japanese Americans, by Maisie and Richard Conrat (California Historical Society, 120 pp., $3.95).* "The case of the Japanese-Americans is the worst blow our liberties have sustained in many years," wrote Eugene Rostow in 1945. But "the Japanese race is an enemy race," declared

General John DeWitt, delegated by President Roosevelt to remove from their homes and imprison virtually the entirety of America's West Coast Japanese and Japanese-American population. Ostensibly designed to guard against treason, the relocation camp experience betrayed racist hysteria, not reason: The record discloses *no* cases of Japanese disloyalty or sabotage during the whole war. As pictorial documentation of this squalid episode, the Conrats have assembled some 65 poignant, evocative, historical photographs, many by Dorothea Lange of the War Relocation Authority (WRA), one alphabet agency of FDR's reign that his hagiolators will never be able to explain away. Most of the photos stand alone; others are joined by pertinent brief quotations from contemporary newspapers and speeches and later scholarly evaluations. Concluding their Introduction, Donald Pike and Roger Olmsted observe: "The relocation confronted other Americans with the fact that they had paid only lip service to a cherished tradition of equality and constitutional protection—and left them with a shame that no amount of rationalization or studied indifference could diminish."

D. BRUDNOY

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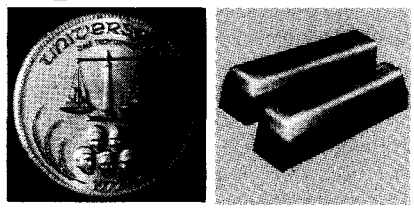

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National Review Magazine

MUHLEN
(Continued from page 524)

meetings. By the end of 1972, six of the twelve full professors of law had fled, and those who remain are eagerly job-hunting elsewhere.

Thirteen chairs are vacant, some for almost two years. Although no competent substitutes can be found, the figures do not show any lack of teachers. On the contrary, over the past three years, the number of faculty members has swelled from 250 to almost a thousand. During that period, "teaching assistants" and "scientific counselors"—often without academic degrees, but ideologically pure—were appointed to professorships. Those two distinguished American scholars, Angela Davis and Eldridge Cleaver, were invited to be guest professors by the Department of Philosophy and Social Science (commonly called the Tupamaro Department), but declined.

From beginning to end, students are indoctrinated with Marxist dogma. In the Institute of Psychology of the Tupamaro Department, for instance, only four out of the 54 courses offered are devoted to other than Marxist ideology; only one deals with the physiological foundations of psychological research. The student must take classes and pass exams in "Diamat," that is, dialectic materialism, for which East German textbooks are used. After this, he is ready to study, say, "psychosomatic diseases as consequences of the capitalist method of production." One student of literature who enrolled in a course on Franz Kafka told me he never heard one word about that writer—or from the professor supposed to lecture: Throughout the term, the professor's "assistants" and "tutors" held forth on *Das Kapital* and theories of world revolution as prerequisites for a critical understanding of a bourgeois author.

An old-fashioned English teacher who insisted on continuing his course on Medieval English was ordered to stop wasting his students' time with such reactionary matters, let alone examining them on it. It is the American underground press that students are required to study. And German language students have been liberated from the customary study of Medieval German; "literary sociology" serves as a substitute. "Red Cells" in every department advise students about the courses they must attend to get marks without ever writing a paper. As a consequence, only 2 per cent now fail to get degrees

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Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

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The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

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And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

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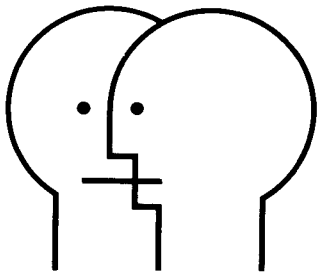

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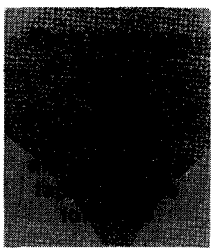

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(the figure was formerly 30 percent).

A particularly striking innovation is the so-called collective exam: A group of three to eight students meet their examiners, who ask a question to be answered by one of the students. After two or three such questions, as one professor reports "we decide to grade every student with the mark of 'very good.'" The room in which the exams are held, the professor explained, is filled with an audience of militants who would take reprisals against a professor not playing their game. In art history, three authors can jointly present a single paper to receive three individual doctorates—and thus be acceptable for three professorial appointments.

Fewer than half of the 22,000 students at the Free University are estimated fully to adhere to the radical party line, but the non-believers remain a silent majority, leaving the field of decision wide open to the closely knit Soviet, Maoist, and left-socialist groups. What also helps the militants is that many professors who could not find jobs or research assignments elsewhere go along with them, though without conviction. They contribute to "the alliance of the radicals and the mediocrities," as Professor G. N. Knauer, an internationally known scholar of classical philosophy calls it. Together with a few dozen other Free University professors, Knauer is active in the "Emergency Society for a Free University" that bravely and at considerable risk tries to stem the assault.

The city of Berlin's Socialist administration, which for years covered up the sinister goings-on at the University in the name of progress, change, and reform, is beginning to see the fruits of all this—and, with the customarily belated liberal shock of recognition, is trying to undo some of the harm. Recently, it introduced a new bill to create a few controls by public authorities over the autonomous university which is financed by the taxpayers. The militant student representatives as well as their president are all set to fight back with violence against this "assault on academic freedom." On the other hand, German scholars of conservative leanings now recommend the founding of privately owned universities, after the American pattern. But for the time being, the Free University and several other German universities run according to "the Berlin model" remain powerful strongholds of the revolutionary forces on their march through German institutions. □

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**Bank Marketing Management, Feb., 1970.*

About the Authors

Martin J. Meyer is president of the National Depositors Cooperative Association. He also serves as Vice President and Secretary of Intercept Tele-Communications, Inc., a new international cable and telegraphic interception and forwarding organization. Mr. Meyer has written numerous magazine articles on banking, thrift, and inflation.

Dr. Joseph McDaniel, Jr. was secretary of the Ford Foundation from 1953 until his retirement in 1967 and Dean of the School of Commerce at Northwestern University. His distinguished career includes President of World Health Foundation (U.S.A.) and government service with the Economic Cooperative Assn.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[Robert A.] Rutland:

Full Stomachs, Empty Heads [and Founding Fatherly Advice].

In the older days, only the element of hunger would be needed to provoke rioting in the streets, a coup d'etat, or a fratricidal civil war. This apparently cannot happen today, because stomachs are full and heads are empty—a reversal of the classic pattern for real action and reform.

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best. A stable and adequate individual does not suddenly decide to revile near-perfect parents and run off to spend the rest of his life freaked out in Auckland just because his roommate suggests that it would be a cool thing to do. If the roommate can't be ignored, a stable individual would get a new roommate or, failing that, spend a lot of time in the library.

Philadelphia, Pa. FREDERICK MILLER

U.S. Colonialism

Donald Coxe's article "Will Canada Cut Off Our Fuel Supply?" [March 30] treats the burgeoning Canadian nationalist movement as an aberrant trend which somehow displays illogic. In truth, it is a reaction to the uniquely unprofitable relationship with the U.S. that the Canadian elite has imposed upon Canada.

U.S.-owned manufacturing firms in Canada perform almost no research and development work in Canada, and have little authority to export. U.S. investors in 1971 drained Canada of $2.27 billion in profits, interest, management fees, and royalties (which is more than the export earnings of India or the defense budget of Israel, and is half the budget of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration). This was an increase of over 200 per cent from the $682 million spent on this unproductive drain of resources in 1960. This rate of increase would result in Canada's spending over $6 billion to service its U.S. debts by 1980, if present trends are allowed to continue.

The national government is bringing in a Takeovers Review Bill to bar undesirable takeovers of Canadian industry, but this will not prove enough for an aroused public opinion. Canadians will inevitably take back control of their economic future, and will no longer acquiesce in an economic order wherein Canada exports natural resources in exchange for manufactured goods.

Toronto, Ont. EDWARD CARRIGAN

The Floating's Fine

Floating is, indeed, fine. Floating currencies do not, however, as *NR* states ["The Week," March 30] diminish "the governments' ability to control the monetary and fiscal operations of their domestic economies." Quite the contrary, by floating its currency a government frees itself of having to worry about balance-of-payments problems.

Under fixed exchange rates, domestic inflation results in balance-of-payments deficits. If it is to avoid the indignity of devaluation, the government must restrain the inflation. Under floating exchange rates the government's dignity is not on the line. As inflation proceeds, the value of its currency declines, but no balance-of-payments deficits occur and there is no foreign pressure on the government to halt the inflation. Changing to floating exchange rates would, therefore, remove one restraint on governmental use of monetary and fiscal policy to achieve overfull employment at the expense of price stability.

Slippery Rock, Pa. JOSEPH HORTON

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You can believe that if you want to. Alistair Horne has some other ideas. "It is not in Southeast Asia, the Middle East or Africa that *the* ideological battle of the seventies seems likely to be waged, but in South America." And this astute journalist (accompanied by William F. Buckley, Jr.) went inside the Andean republics to prove his point. What he found amid the vanished Inca civilization was the first freely elected Marxist regime in history and a struggle between Communism and Maoism, and a view of another world that the rest of the world would be wise to watch. So fascinating. So dangerous.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On the Tribulations of the POWs

On The Right

New York, April 22—A week ago, I was present while three returned prisoners of war interrogated Ramsey Clark, the former Attorney General who, you will recall—particularly if you were a POW—traveled last summer to Hanoi, and among other things subsequently gave it as his opinion that the prisoners of war were being humanely treated. After 15 minutes I had to leave, because the exchange was embarrassing.

The returned prisoners of war were without bitterness and, military habits dying hard, addressed Mr. Clark with great civility. "Sir, why did you go to North Vietnam?" "Sir, why did you think that the peace movement would help the POWs?" If they asked him on what evidence he based his conclusion that the prisoners were being humanely treated, it was after I left the room. Perhaps they refrained from asking that question having had enough, in their own experiences, of sadism.

MR. CLARK, a gentleman of quiet dignity, was acutely on the defensive; and he did not even attempt to maneuver his arguments so as to get the best possible use out of them. He said simply, in accents almost childish in their implicit supplication, that everything he did he did in the cause of peace, which he sought to serve. When asked what he thought of Jane Fonda's statement that POWs who charged that they had been tortured were war criminals and hypocrites, Mr. Clark said he was unaware that Miss Fonda had said any such thing.

Although Ramsey Clark has not made the defensive point that, after all, the captured Americans had been killing North Vietnamese with their bombs, so what else would you expect than torture? Others of course have made this point. Still others have sought to distract attention from the treatment of the POWs by focusing attention on the torture of Vietnamese prisoners by the government of President Thieu. Why—they seem to be asking—should we expect that American prisoners will be treated better in Vietnam than prisoners from their own country?

Concerning this point, and points related to it, a few observations: 1) There is no excusing the inhumanity of Thieu's apparent treatment of political prisoners. 2) Having said as much, it should be remarked that it is characteristic of a people that they despise traitors of their own flesh and blood more intensely than foreign soldiers. The Free French fitfully tortured and executed collaborators as recently as the mid-1940s. Moreover, it is reasonable to assume that the political prisoners caught in South Vietnam had engaged in acts of terrorism and knew where their fellow terrorists were hiding. 3) It was the purpose of the relevant protocol signed in Geneva to regulate the treatment of prisoners of war. American POWs were systematically deprived of every civility, even the raw amenity of permitting their wives and families to know that they were still alive. As one reflects on it, the treatment of them by their captors was an admixture of sadism and politics. The Vietnamese, somewhere along the line, must have been satisfied that they could not effectively transform the American soldiers into effective traitors: So they continued to torture them as a matter of spite. There was enough cunning around to prevent the captors from slaughtering the prisoners. As horseflesh, they were too valuable.

The whole sorry business reminds one, however shakily, that there are nations more civilized than others, for reasons of history and providence however freakish. Those who, stunned by South Vietnamese prisons, urged that on their own account President Thieu should be ostracized, forgot that General Robert E. Lee was technically responsible for Andersonville. We would not, in America, in this day and age, treat prisoners of war in the way the Vietnamese did. And we are, however humbly, reminded that we ought in Indochina to repel the atavistic forces that gave historical and moral justification to the torture and humiliation of the individual. □

SOCKING IT TO ITT

New York, April 19—The Overseas Private Investment Corporation (OPIC) has refused to pay ITT the $92 million it lost in Chile as a result of Allende's confiscation of ITT's telephone company down there. The OPIC was unspecific about why it was denying indemnity to ITT and the dispute will go to arbitration. But meanwhile, OPIC has delighted those who wish to find fault with ITT, in small part because of its offer to help the United States Government finance an anti-Allende campaign in the weeks before his selection as president, in greater part because they feast on any opportunity to disparage American business, which they do with Upton Sinclairish delight. "Whatever its official reasons," says the *New York Times*, "OPIC has acted in the best interests of the United States in denying the ITT claim."

Allende meanwhile is as happy as if he had struck oil. He has brazenly opportunized on the revelation of ITT's offer to Henry Kissinger, as exposed by Jack Anderson, as if that were the only reason for denying full compensation to ITT for the value of its properties. It is forgotten, in the general confusion, that Jack Anderson's exposures were in March of 1972, that ten months earlier in May of 1971 the Allende government in conversation with ITT offered to pay approximately 15 per cent of the accepted value of the properties: that is to say, had embarked on a course of 85 per cent confiscation; and that in September of 1971, five months before the Anderson columns, the Allende government had proceeded to take over the management of the company. Forgotten also is that in the summer of 1971, the Allende government confiscated the properties of five American copper companies which had never reveled with Kissinger, without paying them a penny. The excuse for not doing so was that the companies in question had damaged the mine installations, "overestimated" their depreciation, and taken out "excess" profits. The bill: $1 billion. Needless to say it

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is very easy to confiscate property and justify anything else if one has exclusive control of the official apparatus of incrimination. When Stalin's "government" announced that an official had been executed for "treason," that was the end of it. What is remarkable is the enthusiasm with which so many Americans accept the humiliation of a company whose investors are American citizens who have acted in good faith.

Now here is an interesting contrast. The dispute between OPIC and ITT comes down to $92 million. By coincidence, the dispute between England and Ghana involves a figure almost identical—$94 million. The late Nkrumah, the dictator of Ghana who in due course was overthrown, was a profligate spender who borrowed a billion dollars around the world during the time he was flying high. The most recent coup in Ghana was conducted by Colonel Ignatius Kutu Acheampong, whose mind works rather like Allende's: When you find that you owe money to foreigners—as Chile owed it to ITT—why simply find an excuse for not paying it! Accordingly, Acheampong pronounced the obligation to England as null and void on the grounds that it had been incurred through corruption. Whee. No doubt the complement to the *New York Times* in England congratulated Nkrumah, finding England's Exchequer managers as corrupt as the managers of ITT. Acheampong went further and nationalized over a half of his country's foreign-owned gold, diamond, and timber operations.

But suddenly things began to happen to Ghana. Credit dried up—completely. Forced to pay cash for its imports, Ghana's prices skyrocketed. In no time at all, Acheampong was crawling back to the creditors, suggesting a modification of his previous, boisterous, carefree solution to his country's economic problems, which was to steal from foreigners.

That of course is what Allende's Chile is doing, with this difference, that the United States, and its principal intellectuals, are really cheering it along by buying the fiction that Allende's move against ITT was the result of hurt pride over ITT's initiative in anticipating the direction Allende would take. In Europe they've been around a long time, and when they lend out money, they get it back or else the defaulting country is put into economic Coventry, as they might put it in England; and over this there are very few gasps of outrage from other than the kind of people who howl out their discontents in Hyde Park. In the United States we are too unsure of ourselves to demand that American citizens' rights be respected. That, by the way, is why increasingly they are disrespected. □

ON THE USE OF "DIRTY" WORDS

New York, April 14—I guess I was seven when I first heard the maxim that only people with a small vocabulary use "dirty" words. I am 47 and have just received a communication from a reader delivering that maxim as though he had invented it. The trouble with the cliché is a) it isn't true; b) it doesn't take into account the need to use the resources of language; and c) the kind of people who use it are almost always engaged in irredentist ventures calculated to make "dirty," words and expressions that no longer are, and even some that never were.

The first point is easily disposed of by asking ourselves the question, Did Shakespeare have a good vocabulary? Yes; and he also used, however sparingly, profane and obscene words.

The second point raises the question of whether a certain kind of emotion is readily communicable with the use of other than certain kinds of words. Let us assume the only thing it is safe to assume about the matter, namely that every emotion is experienced by everyone, from the darkest sinner to the most uplifted saint. The sinner, having no care at all for people's feelings, let alone for propriety abstractly considered, lets loose a profanity not only on occasions when his emotions are acutely taxed, but even when they are mildly stirred. The saint—or so I take it from their published writings—manages to exclude the profane word from his vocabulary, and does not resort to it under any circumstances. It was for the saint that the tushery was invented. "Tush! tush!" the saint will say to his tormentors, as he is eased into the cauldron of boiling oil.

Non-saints, it is my thesis, have a difficult time adopting the manners of saints; and even if they succeed most of the time in suppressing obnoxious words, they will probably not succeed all of the time. Moreover, as suggested above, they are up against a community some of whose members are always seeking to repristinate the world of language back to the point where you could not even say, "Gosh, Babe Ruth was a good baseball player," because Gosh is quite clearly a sneaky way of saying God, the use of which the purists would hold to be impermissible under any circumstances—indeed they, plus the Supreme Court, reduce the permissible use of the word to the innermost tabernacles.

The context in which a bad word is used does much to determine the quality of its offensiveness, and the usefulness of the word. Reviewing Norman Mailer's first novel many years ago, Professor John Roche objected that the recurring use of barracks-language, while it reproduced faithfully the language of the barracks, in fact distorts the prose for readers outside the barracks set who are emotionally or psychologically interrupted every time they run into a word they are not used to seeing on the printed page. It is as if a poet were handicapped by the miscadencing of his verse by a reader who suddenly paused at unexpected places, as if to walk around a puddle of water.

I HAD reason to reach, a while back, for a word to comment upon a line of argument I considered insufferably sanctimonious. "Crap," I wrote: And the irredentist hordes descended upon me in all their fury. I have replied to them that the word in question is defined in a current dictionary in several ways. That among these are meaning 2: "nonsense; drivel: *Man, don't hand me that crap.* 3. a lie; an exaggeration: *Bah, you don't believe that crap, do you?*" Notwithstanding that the word has these clearly non-scatalogical uses, there is an Anglo-Saxon earthiness to it which performs for the writer a function altogether different from such a retort as, say, "Flapdoodle."

There are those of us who feel very strongly that the cheapest and most indefensible way to give offense is to direct obscenities wantonly, and within the earshot of those who seek protection from that kind of thing. There will always be a certain healthy tension between Billingsgate and the convent, but in the interest of the language, neither side should win the war completely. Better a stalemate, with a DMZ that changes its bed meanderingly, like the Mississippi River. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. American novelist (1819-1891)
68 101 96 170 17 157 181 133

B. The part of a stamen that develops and contains pollen, usually borne on a stalk
75 60 36 55 171 42

C. One of these United States
97 139 21 156 71 111 172 186

D. One who creates or produces for the first time
5 76 125 142 173 135 37 149

E. Unscramble STRAIGHT SETS
104 4 32 48 74 80 87 109 113 136 141 189

F. Chicago White Sox manager, 1949-1950
53 128 19 115 148 117

G. Town in Buena Vista County, Iowa
112 20 178 118 41 164

H. Street in Washington, D.C.
121 1 10 70 18 108 110 124 180 192 25 27

I. A man who possesses certain property
2 8 57 65 82 93 51 69 73

J. One who inhabited part of ancient Italy
126 152 119 56 116 47 145 147

K. Two words from First Amendment that are ignored by many "Liberals"
22 30 43 78 90 140 153 162 187 66 105 114

L. A mountain in New Zealand
28 7 89 50 155 161

M. What our Constitution is supposed to protect us from
182 137 174 122 102 143 3 158 193

N. To invest with a freehold estate in land
184 91 38 175 94 44 67

O. County in Texas
11 24 81 54 72 79 6

P. To collect or gather into a mass or whole
191 83 168 127 103 29 39 26 120

Q. President of France, 1932-1940
40 31 98 107 63 176

R. One of the favorite words of "educators"
49 144 151 169 9 58 92 99

S. What one who is under par might be
165 95 183 12 179 138 129 61 45

T. A type of house
177 46 100 130 13 188 160 33

U. Changing the Severn's course might result in this
59 14 64 85 34 52

V. Town in Michigan, closer to Duluth than to Detroit
84 15 62 159 131 106 77 166 185

W. What stupid or awkward persons are sometimes called
146 163 23 35 16 86 154 190

X. The reclaiming of land, especially from the sea
150 88 132 134 167 123

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 544 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 H	2 I	3 M	4 E		5 D	6 O		7 L	8 I	9 R	10 H	11 O	12 S	13 T	14 U
15 V	16 W		17 A	18 H	19 F	20 G	21 C	22 K		23 W	24 O	25 H		26 P	27 H	28 L	
29 P	30 K	31 Q	32 E	33 T	34 U	35 W	36 B		37 D	38 N		39 P	40 Q	41 G		42 B	43 K
44 N	45 S	46 T	47 J	48 E	49 R	50 L	51 I	52 U		53 F	54 O		55 B	56 J	57 I	58 R	59 U
	60 B	61 S	62 V	63 Q	64 U	65 I		66 K	67 N		68 A	69 I	70 H		71 C	72 O	73 I
74 E		75 B	76 D	77 V	78 K	79 O	80 E		81 O	82 I		83 P	84 V	85 U	86 W	87 E	88 X
89 L	90 K	91 N	92 R		93 I	94 N	95 S	96 A	97 C		98 Q	99 R		100T	101A	102M	103P
104E	105K	106V	107Q	108H		109E	110H		111C	112G	113E	114K	115F	116J		117F	118G
119J	120P		121H	122M		123X	124H	125D	126J	127P	128F		129S	130T	131V		132X
133A	134X	135D	136E	137M	138S		139C	140K	141E	142D	143M	144R	145J	146W		147J	148F
149D		150X	151R	152J	153K	154W	155L	156C	157A		158M	159V	160T	161L	162K	163W	164G
165S		166V	167X		168P	169R	170A	171B	172C	173D	174M	175N	176Q	177T		178G	179S
180H	181A	182M		183S	184N		185V	186C	187K	188T	189E	190W	191P	192H	193M		

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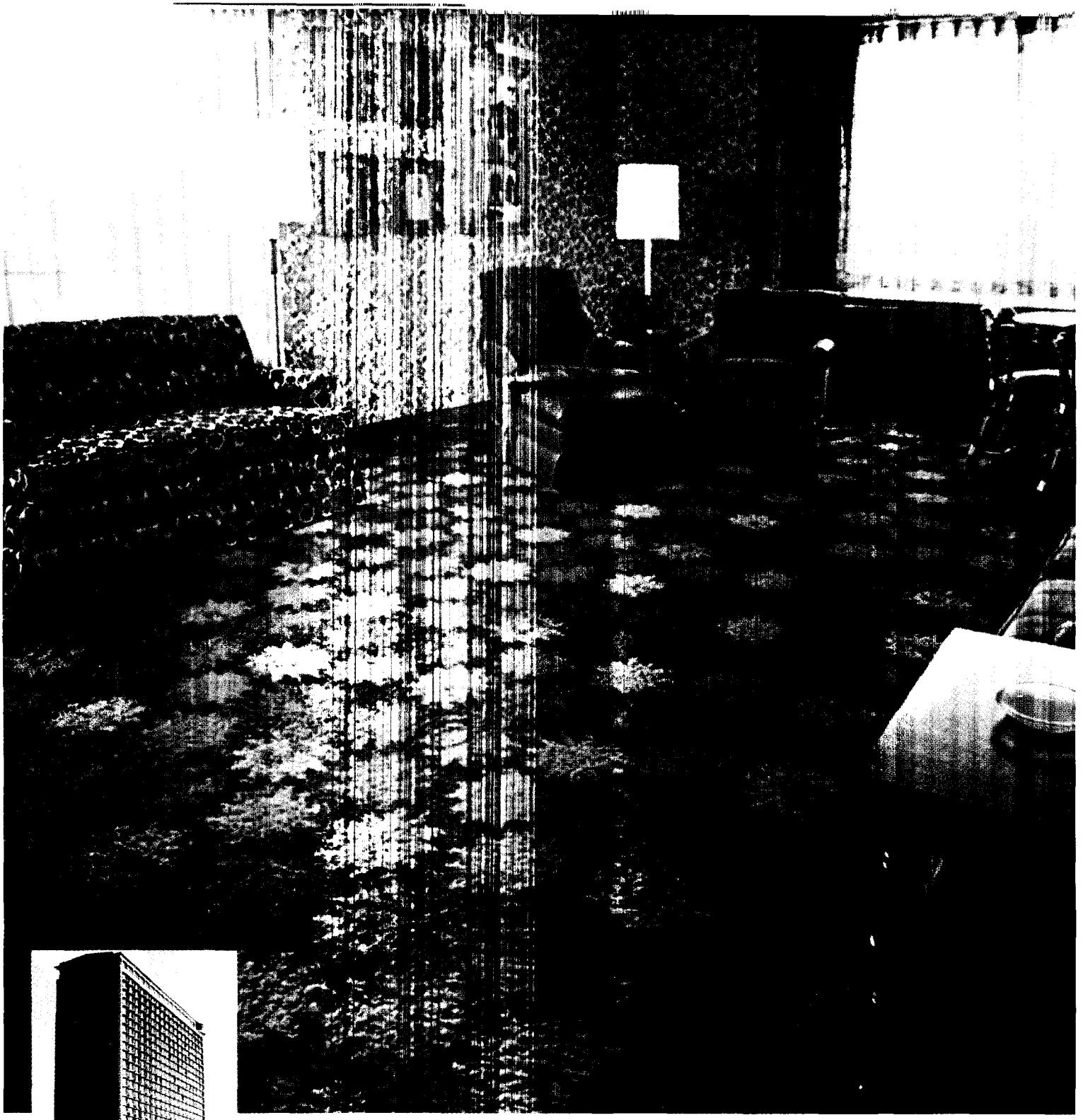

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Al Schneider, builder of the handsome new Galt House hotel overlooking Louisville's newly developed riverfront, is a man of his word. Galt House rooms have an aura of warmth and comfort, starting with colorful Milliken carpet on the floor.

Color was a major factor in the carpet choice for this extensive installation. With the exclusive Artisan-Dyed™ process, developed by Milliken Research, color penetrates deep down to the back of these deep-pile, 100% nylon shag carpets. Result: High-fashion styling in dramatic multicolor combinations is now possible and practical.

The carpets, from Milliken's "Decor East" collection, have the long-lasting quality and cleanability essential to hotel use. And they open new vistas for exciting commercial decorating. "We got the right atmosphere and the right carpet," says Mr. Schneider. V. C. Glass Co. in Louisville supplied the carpet for the Galt House installation. For information about all Milliken contract carpets, call or write Deering Milliken, Inc., Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange, Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

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